

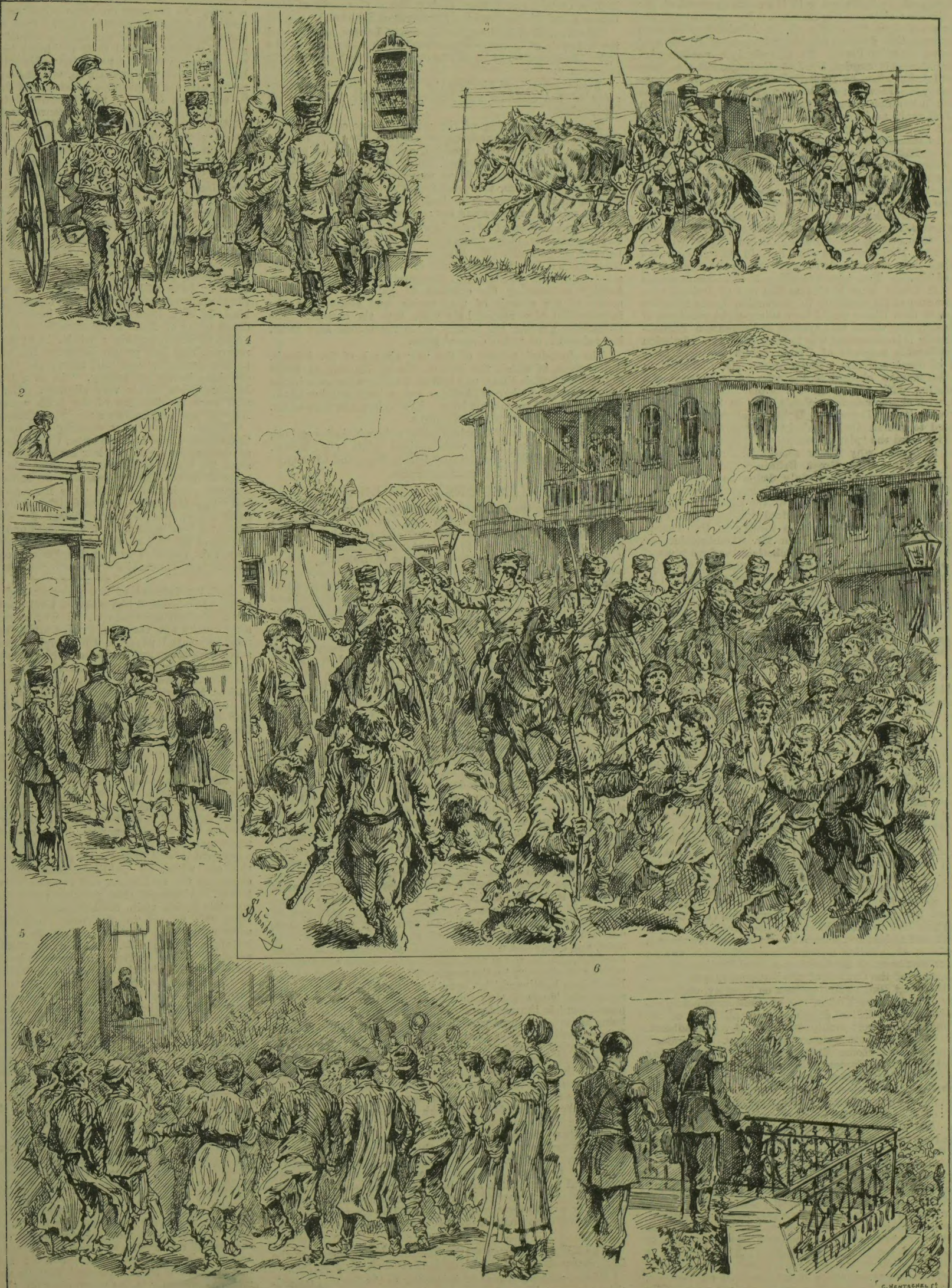
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1887.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6d.



1. Guarding a post telegraph station. 2. Agitators conveyed under escort from Sofia to Lom Palanka. 3. Soldiers guarding voting station. 4. The riot at Kutlovitz. 5. Friendly demonstration before the house of the Premier, M. Stambuloff. 6. Prince Ferdinand on the balcony of the Palace cheered by the people.

SKETCHES OF THE BULGARIAN ELECTIONS.—BY F. LACHMANN.

THE RECESS.

The Marquis of Salisbury, restored in health, it is to be hoped, by his stay in France, returned to Hatfield on Tuesday, with the Marchioness and Lady Gwendolen Cecil. The Prime Minister, who lost no time in consulting his colleagues, may with reason have imagined from the daily papers that London was within measurable distance of a revolution. If so, his Lordship cannot have failed to be quickly reassured by the explanations of the Home Secretary as to the measures adopted to preserve order. A special tribute of praise is the due of Sir Charles Warren and his efficient officers at Scotland-yard for the admirable disposition of the police forces, who from the beginning of last week's processions of the "unemployed" and the "residuum" kept "in touch" with the "Marseillaise"-whistling demonstrators, and who, when the Trafalgar-square and Hyde Park gatherings of Monday and Tuesday became threatening and unmanageably large, effectively dispersed the dangerous crowds with, as far as can be judged, no more than the requisite amount of vigour and exhibition of force. Order, synonymous with true liberty, must be preserved. At the same time, as proposer of the Royal Commission on the Dwellings of the Poor, Lord Salisbury is not likely to overlook the distressful condition of the vast numbers of unemployed poor who do not parade their poverty in the company of street rowdies.

Mr. Chamberlain's pugnacious attack on Mr. Gladstone in Ulster last week no doubt met with the warm approval of the Prime Minister and the Government. No member of the Ministry could fight the battle of the Administration more valiantly than this dashing and bitter General of Division of the Liberal Unionist Party. Mr. Chamberlain, accompanied by his indispensable esquire, Mr. Jesse Collings, felt the force of Ulster loyalty when he reached Belfast from Birmingham on Tuesday, the Eleventh of October. Like a star actor, he was borne in triumph through the streets. Like a statesman in the first rank, as he modestly claims to be, Mr. Chamberlain posed in the evening at the grand banquet given in his honour (as illustrated) in the Ulster Hall by the Liberal Unionists of Belfast; the chair being occupied on the occasion by Sir Edward Porter Cowan, Lord Lieutenant of County Antrim, who was supported by Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., the Earl of Granard, Sir Edward Sullivan, and Mr. F. W. Maclean, M.P. The enterprise and trading energy and loyalty of Ulster deserved all Mr. Chamberlain said in praise of the "two millions" who, he contended, opposed Home Rule; but it was probably because cheap eulogium of this kind "goes without saying" that Mr. Gladstone did not, in introducing his Irish Home Rule measure, dwell similarly on the commercial virtues of Ulster. Yet, even according to Mr. Chamberlain's figures, "If Ulster were treated as the rest of Ireland was, and if it returned its members in proportion to the numbers of the voters, then Ulster would have thirty-eight members, of whom twenty-one would be Loyalists and seventeen Parnellites." Surely this statement was tantamount to an admission that considerable numbers of Ulster voters favoured some measure of local self-rule. Nevertheless, Mr. Chamberlain was on the morrow cheered to the echo when, addressing a large meeting with energy in the same Ulster Hall, he declared, with characteristic emphasis, that he had no intention of "submitting Ulster to a Dublin Parliament," because he objected to submit their "orderly and regular life to the men who invented the 'plan of campaign.'" For his part, he could see no reason why Ulster should be forcibly severed from its relations with Great Britain; and he directly challenged Mr. Gladstone to plainly define how he intended to deal with the Loyalists of Ulster in his amended scheme of Home Rule. The venerable Leader of the Liberal Party has already made it clear to the unprejudiced that he has an open mind with respect to Ulster, whose loyalty to the Throne he is not likely to value less than Mr. Chamberlain. At Coleraine on the Thursday, Mr. Chamberlain confined himself chiefly to the land difficulty, which he was in hopes the Government would be able to settle by a plan of purchase he had devised. He intimated that by means of his system "it will be possible to find from Irish resources a security absolutely trustworthy for carrying out a transaction of this kind." The loyalty of Ulster inspired the right hon. gentleman with a fresh text at luncheon next day, on the occasion of his visit to the Giants' Causeway. He returned home on Saturday; having, it is to be feared, contributed nothing tangible to the solution of the Irish problem.

Mr. Gladstone, bearing his seventy-seven summers with the lightness of twenty-seven, and sustained by his indomitable energy and unabated earnestness, has this week made one of his triumphal progresses through the provinces. Not a particle of the fog which prevailed when Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone left Hawarden Castle on Monday appeared to have entered the brain of the ex-Premier who stopped at Manchester to inspect the excellent and exceedingly popular Royal Jubilee Exhibition in company with Sir Edward and Lady Watkin, Mr. and Mrs. William Agnew, and other local magnates. Mr. Gladstone appears to have evinced the deepest interest in all the wonders of this fine exhibition (which had up to Saturday night last totalled no less than 3,924,798 admissions); and, at lunch, the right hon. gentleman waxed eloquent on the unique collection of British paintings, "showing to the world that there is a British school, and what that British school can do." Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were the guests for the night of Sir Edward Watkin at Northenden. Resuming the journey to Nottingham on Tuesday, Mr. Gladstone had to make brief speeches, from his saloon at Sheffield and at Newark, where the tribute to the veteran statesman was of peculiar interest, inasmuch as it was as member for that borough that he first entered Parliament.

The meeting of the Council of the National Liberal Federation in the Albert Hall at Nottingham on Tuesday, under the presidency of Sir James Kitson, was of considerable importance, consisting, as it did, of delegates from all parts of the country under the adroit manipulation of Mr. Schnadhorst. Ireland was the uppermost topic on the first day. "Coercion" was denounced, and Home Rule approved. A noteworthy feature was Sir William Harcourt's hearty praise of the eloquent speech of Mr. Herbert Henry Asquith, the hon. member for East Fife, and an almost certain member of the next Liberal Ministry—when it comes. Mr. Asquith has the power which Mr. Chamberlain lacks—that of putting heart into his speeches. Add to this essential for success in oratory, evident ability, and genuine sympathy with the people in the widest sense of the term, both likewise among Mr. Asquith's qualifications for administrative office, and, it will be seen, he is sure to come to the front. There was nothing fresh otherwise in the brief addresses of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley, or of the Marquis of Ripon. Nor was there much worth dilating on in Mr. Gladstone's first speech at Nottingham. It was retelling more than a thrice-told tale to condemn the Government over again for passing the Repression of Crimes Bill, and for the fatal conflicts at Mitchelstown, at Lisdoonvarna, and elsewhere. But amends were made next day. The Liberal leaders were getting their hands in on Tuesday. Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt spoke out more boldly on Wednesday. But at this juncture conciliation would do more good than animadversion.

Mr. Goschen, addressing a meeting in St. George's Hall, Bradford, on Tuesday, anticipated Mr. Gladstone's attacks on the Government so far that he vigorously carried the war into the enemy's camp, and censured the Gladstonians for their opposition to the Irish Executive in their efforts to uphold the law in Ireland. But what Mr. Gladstone actually complains of is the maladministration of the law, and the consequent fatalities that have ensued. Maintaining that the Government are in the right, and pointing with pride to the support of Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Bright, Mr. Goschen promised next Session that England and Scotland should have a fair share of the Session, and that Irish Home Rule members should not monopolise the whole time.

THE CHURCH.

The Bishop of London began his primary visitation in St. Paul's Cathedral on Monday morning. All the clergy of the diocese were invited, numbering 1500, and many churchwardens were present. The Bishop was the celebrant and preached the sermon.

In Westminster Abbey, on Tuesday, the Rev. Charles Edward Camidge, Prebendary of York and late Vicar of Thirsk, was consecrated Bishop of Bathurst, Australasia. The Archbishop of Canterbury was assisted by the Bishop of Rochester, the Bishop of Sodor and Man, Bishop Perry (formerly of Melbourne), and Bishop Marsden (formerly of Bathurst).

The Ven. H. J. Mathew, Archdeacon of Lahore, has accepted the bishopric of Lahore—which Dr. French will vacate at the end of December—and he will be consecrated in England early in January.

Lord Clinton, Lord Lieutenant of Devon, laid the foundation-stone of the cloisters and library at Exeter Cathedral on Wednesday.

The annual meeting of the representative council of the Scottish Episcopal Church commenced on the 12th inst. at Glasgow. Bishop Wilson presided, and among those present were the Bishops of Edinburgh, Moray, Aberdeen, and Argyll, and numerous clerical and lay representatives from all parts of Scotland. A letter was read from the Primus, stating that he was slowly improving in health. The meeting discussed foreign mission expenses and lay representatives.

A consistory court of the Rochester diocese was held on Tuesday in the Lady Chapel of St. Saviour's, Southwark, before the Chancellor (Mr. Dibdin), when an application was made by Mr. Beaufort, on behalf of the Rector and churchwardens of the parish of St. Margaret's, Lee, Kent, for a faculty authorising the erection of gates to the chancel screen of the church of that parish, and authorising the introduction of a second holy table into the church. The Chancellor granted the faculty as to the second holy table, but refused it as to the chancel gates.

The foundation-stone of the new church of St. Alban's, Acton-green, of which the Rev. G. Henley Manbey, of Keble College, Oxford, is Vicar, was laid on Tuesday afternoon in the presence of the Bishop of Antigua and a large number of the local clergy and prominent laity. Mrs. Nelson, the wife of Mr. E. Montague Nelson, placed the stone.

The east window of Charlton Abbots church, Andoversford, has recently been filled with stained glass (by Messrs. Warrington and Co.) representing Faith, Hope, and Charity.

THE ELECTIONS IN BULGARIA.

The elections to the Sobranjé, or Bulgarian National Assembly, took place on Sunday, the 9th inst., as well in Eastern Roumelia as in the legally-constituted and recognised Principality of Bulgaria. The Government now formed by Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, the elected Prince of Bulgaria, though not yet recognised by the Sultan and the European Powers, obtained a very large majority of votes for its supporters, against the intrigues of the Russian party. There were serious local disturbances, and twenty-six persons were killed or wounded in the election riots at Kutlovitza, Rahovitza, and Plevna. The Government has sent an official to open an inquiry at those places. The riot at Kutlovitza assumed the character of a revolt. A number of peasants, led by a priest, who had recently arrived at that place from Russia, attacked the Government Office with stones. The gendarmes thereupon fired upon the people, and then fell back. The peasants, however, renewed the attack, and at one time it was feared that they would set fire to the Government Office. Ultimately, a squadron of cavalry was called out to disperse the rioters, and order was then restored. At Plevna the attack was directed against the local authorities, and military aid had to be summoned. At Sofia, the capital, the elections passed off without disorder. The town during the whole day presented a very quiet appearance. Exceptional measures were taken to preserve order, all the prisons, police-stations, and telegraph-offices being guarded by troops. Troops were also stationed at different points in the town, while the streets were patrolled by detachments of cavalry. At eight o'clock in the morning the electors began to arrive in small parties, and by noon about two thousand five hundred had voted. In the afternoon the voting proceeded more slowly. Only a small number of rural electors registered their votes during the day. On the evening before, several of the well-known agitators and some partisans of M. Karaveloff were arrested. An individual named Zonoff, also belonging to the Karaveloff party, was expelled from Sofia, and conducted under escort to Lom Palanka. After the elections, at Sofia, the announcement of the figures was received with great cheering by the people. There were cries of "Long live Prince Ferdinand!" "Long live Stambuloff!" one of the regimental bands playing the National Anthem. A thousand people went to the residence of M. Stambuloff. The Premier being absent, they proceeded to the palace, and loudly cheered Prince Ferdinand, who, in reply, thanked the citizens for their manifestation of loyalty. The people then returned to the house of M. Stambuloff, who then made his appearance, and thanked the electors for their expressions of confidence in the Government, and for the honour they had conferred upon him by his re-election. The Premier concluded by exclaiming, "Long live Bulgaria!" His speech was received with shouts of "Long live Stambuloff, the saviour of Bulgaria!" The people then performed national dances in front of the Premier's residence, after which they dispersed quietly. In the present state of affairs, the Bulgarians, it is felt, will only give way to force. A Turkish occupation is particularly distasteful to the Sultan and the Turkish Government, and is likely never to be carried out; whilst Russian military action can never receive the approval of other Powers, and would be fraught with the greatest danger to European peace.

The King and Queen of the Belgians were present at the first representation at the Flemish Theatre on the 13th inst.

The wrought-nail-makers belonging to the South Staffordshire and East Worcester districts, of whom, it is said, 15,000 are out on strike, decided on Monday not to accept the employers' offer of an advance of 10 per cent.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The doors of Mr. Edward Terry's pretty little playhouse in the Strand have been opened, and many congratulations have been offered to the popular manager and to Mr. Walter Emden, the clever architect. Everything has been done to make the place comfortable, and the new theatre safe. A light, easily-worked, and useful asbestos curtain is said by the authorities to be as valuable a protection to the audience as one of the ungainly iron curtains that wind slowly down and up, and depress the audience as much as street passengers are depressed when shop boys put up the shutters. There are douches overhead, ready to give a cold bath if any accident happens in the flies or on the stage, and a wonderful patented lock, by the celebrated Mr. Chubb, that ought to be brought to the attention of the directors of every theatre, hall, institution, and church in the kingdom. The door on which it is fixed is fast and secure from the outside, but from the inside a baby could push it open. Then, you cannot get in through such a door, but you can very easily get out, and that is exactly what people want to do in case of a fire or a panic.

Unfortunately, on the first night at Terry's Theatre there was no electric light—a sad pity, as everyone will own who saw the auditorium lighted up at the private view. The electric current that supplies several theatres comes all the way from the Grosvenor Gallery in Bond-street, and there was something amiss with the engines. But this was not the only mishap. As is usual on these occasions the supply of programmes fell short, and the gallery boys resented this act of carelessness, and took occasion to object to a certain gallery gate that had provoked their righteous ire. But when did a theatre open without a preliminary disturbance? Eventually, however, peace was proclaimed, and the company was able to get on with the programme, consisting of Best and Billingham's "Meddle and Muddle," that introduced that favourite actor Mr. Lionel Brough to the audience; and the farcical play, "The Churchwarden," so admirably adapted to the nervous, comic manner of Mr. Edward Terry. He showed his good sense in not risking a new play on the opening night; but, in a subsequent speech, the manager promised an early production of "The Woman Hater," and a new comic play by Mr. Pinero, the announcement of which caused the heartiest of cheers.

Young Mr. Charles Lauri is an excellent pantomimist, and excels in his comic studies of animal life. He has watched and carefully imitated the dog, the cat, and the monkey. In order to show this peculiar talent outside Christmas pantomime, he has routed out one of Rodwell's old plays, presumably produced at Covent-Garden for Wieland, and calls it "As in a Glass," thus bearing an unfortunate likeness to the play produced at the Opera Comique, of a very different kind, by Mrs. Bernard Beere. Those who come to see the death agony of Lena Despard, will be astonished to find the antics of a man-monkey; whilst later on, when Mrs. Beere returns from her provincial tour, the visitor expecting to see the chattering ape will marvel at the appearance of the dissolute beauty of society. "As in a Glass" and "As in a Looking-Glass" differ very slightly. Mr. John F. Sheridan still keeps up the fun of the Irish widow in "Fun on the Bristol," but he promises a new play almost immediately.

Autumn dramas of an exciting kind have been produced at the Standard, and at the Surrey, where Mr. George Conquest is so deservedly popular. For many years past, in fact ever since Mr. Walter Gooch was managing the Princess's Theatre, assisted by poor Harry Jackson, we have been promised an English version of Bérto's "Les Etrangleurs de Paris." At last we get it from Mr. Arthur Shirley, called "The Stranglers." Such a play is almost too violent for our first-class melodramatic houses, such as the Adelphi or Princess's; but with the aid of clever American posters and astonishing pictures, it may suit the boys in the Blackfriars-road, and the rough audiences of Lancashire and the North.

But the interest of the playgoer and player have been centred this week at Shakespeare's birthplace, in the pretty old town of Stratford-on-Avon. It was recorded in these pages some weeks ago that Mr. G. W. Childs, the proprietor of the most influential paper in Philadelphia, had presented a handsome clock-tower and fountain to the good old town consecrated to the memory of the immortal bard, and an illustration of the memorial was given at the same time. When Mr. Childs desired to mark the Queen's Jubilee year by some special gift to Shakespeare's Land, he consulted his old friend Dr. Macaulay, the editor of the *Leisure Hour*, who instantly suggested a fountain. The idea was at once carried out at the expense of £1500, and the only regret was that the donor was not able to be present on the lovely October morning when Mr. Henry Irving so gracefully and eloquently pronounced his eulogium on Shakespeare, and in happy phrase bound together the interests and ties of America and England close by the peaceful Avon that washes his silent grave. Stratford has had many happy days and memorable merry meetings; she has had her jubilees, her tercentenaries, her dedications, and special performances in the new theatre. But it may be doubted if any morning will linger more gratefully on the memory than the one when, by public acclamation, Henry Irving was chosen as the spokesman and representative of the drama of to-day. Although this popular actor has not been very constant in his visits to Shakespeare's shrine, and has not yet been able to act in the new Memorial Theatre, it was astonishing with what enthusiasm he was received wherever he appeared in public. On Sunday, Stratford is, as a rule, as quiet as the grave; but crowds had assembled at the railway station in the afternoon to follow him with cheers to the hospitable residence of Mr. Charles Flower at Avonbank. Whenever he appeared in the streets on Monday he was followed, wherever he moved, by an admiring crowd, and those present never remember his voice to have been more resonant, nor his style more graceful, than when he stood in the sunshine addressing the townsfolk, and the various representatives of literature, music, science, and art, who had come down to Stratford-on-Avon on this memorable occasion. Mr. Lowell very gracefully yielded his place to Mr. Phelps, the American Minister, who at the banquet made the best speech that was uttered; Sir Theodore Martin, in scholarly style, toasted the immortal memory of William Shakespeare; Lord Delawar, Mr. Walter of the *Times*, Dr. Macaulay, Mr. Samuel Timmins, the Shakspearian scholar, Mr. Charles Flower, who has spent a small fortune over Shakspearian enthusiasm—all spoke well and to the point, and the company included Mr. J. C. Parkinson, Mr. Frank Marshall, and Lord Ronald Gower. The last "little summer" of the year came to brighten the pretty festivity. The sun was bright, the country lovely, the October foliage fired with Nature's most glorious colour, and, in addition to the actual ceremonial, and the speeches, and the hospitality, and the pleasant gatherings, the mind has stored away one more picture of Ann Hathaway's cottage and the little garden resting peacefully in the warm glow of the October sun; one more memory of Stratford-on-Avon church, with its speechless treasure, pointing with its spire to the myriad stars dancing in the clear autumn sky.

MUSIC.

THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

Our last week's notice of this important festival (the twenty-second of triennial recurrence) necessarily left some of the performances unmentioned on, most of them having taken place too late for current record. The first of the two principal novelties was the oratorio, "The Garden of Olivet," composed expressly for the festival by Signor Bottesini. This gentleman has long been eminent in this country, as abroad, for his unrivalled skill as a performer on the double bass; but he is also known in his native Italy as an experienced and skilful conductor and a composer of merit. His oratorio just produced at Norwich is composed to text furnished by Mr. Joseph Bennett, who has gained deserved distinction by his skilful execution of similar tasks in many previous instances, his combined musical and literary acquirements peculiarly fitting him for such undertakings. The solemn subject of the Agony in the Garden is well suited for serious musical treatment, and is one that offers something like fresh ground for the composer. The book of the oratorio is divided into two parts—respectively entitled "The Agony" and "The Betrayal"—and is based on the notion of a reader (contralto solo), who narrates the pathetic incidents, with occasional moral reflections thereon. The composer has characterised his work as "Devotional," in contradistinction to the dramatic style which so often enters into the composition of oratorio music, even that of the greatest masters of the past. Notwithstanding this implied disclaimer, however, Signor Bottesini has occasionally approached dramatic treatment, especially in the early portions of the second part. The general tone of the music, however, quite answers to the definition of "devotional," and is characterised by much religious pathos and freedom from ambitious pretentiousness. The pieces for solo voices are especially distinguished by suave and clearly-defined melody, of that purely vocal character that might be expected from a composer of the Italian school. Among the specialties in this respect may be cited the soprano and tenor airs, and the duettino for soprano and tenor, in the first part, another duet for the same voices; and a jubilant soprano solo (rather antagonistic, perhaps, to the situation) in the second part. Some of the orchestral writing is bright and effective, but occasionally rather overweighed. The solo music was very well rendered by Miss Annie Marriott (soprano), Miss Hilda Wilson (contralto), Mr. E. Lloyd (tenor), Mr. Santley—to whom was assigned the impressive baritone passages associated with the Saviour—and Mr. Brockbank, who was allotted the bass portions for Judas. The work (conducted by the composer) was well received by an audience that was less numerous than might have been expected. Dvorák's "Stabat Mater" completed the day's programme.

The other specialty at last week's festival was the production of "Isaiah," a new oratorio, composed for the occasion by Signor Mancinelli, who has long been highly esteemed in Italy, but only became known here recently by his efficient fulfilment of the office of conductor during Mr. Augustus Harris's season of Italian opera performances at Drury-Lane Theatre, last June and July. In this case the English book has been adapted by Mr. Joseph Bennett from the original Latin text of Dr. Giuseppe Albini. The incidents referred to are associated with the siege of Jerusalem by the Assyrians, freely treated by the librettist. The characters to whom the solo music is assigned are—the Prophet, Isaiah; Judith, his daughter; King Hezekiah; his sister, Anna; and Sennacherib, King of the Assyrians.

The work consists of two divisions, the first of which opens, in the interior of the Temple, with an orchestral prelude and a chorus of maidens, interspersed with solo passages for Judith and Anna, in which are some well-contrasted orchestral and vocal effects. Other special features, in the first part, are: a very pleasing duet for Judith and Anna, and a well-sustained final chorus and prayer. In the second part (which opens on a plain at the foot of Mount Sion, near the Assyrian camp) we may specify a declamatory tenor solo for Hezekiah, a charming chorus of Jewish maidens, a soprano solo for Anna in somewhat operatic style, a difficult baritone solo (for Sennacherib) in the unusual (and unnatural) tempo of seven-four, and a triumphant final hymn for chorus and soloists.

The operatic style largely prevails throughout Signor Mancinelli's music, and the orchestral writing is full of elaborate details, with occasional traces of the influence of Wagner. There are some instances of highly dramatic treatment, and melody of a flowing and pleasing character is largely prevalent. Notwithstanding some mixture of styles the work has much distinctive individuality, and is an interesting example of the modern development of Italian musical art. It was conducted by the composer, and made a very favourable impression. The performance, orchestral and choral, was generally efficient, and the solos were excellently rendered by Madame Albani, Miss L. Little, Mr. B. McGuckin, Mr. A. Marsh, and Mr. B. Foote. Cherubini's Fourth Mass (in C) closed the day's performances.

Of both the new sacred works above referred to there will be future opportunity to speak again in reference to their performance in London.

The miscellaneous concert of the Wednesday evening, last week, included an effective new scena, "The Song of Judith," composed by Mr. E. Prout, and well rendered by Miss H. Wilson. Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, "The Golden Legend" (conducted by himself in spite of illness), was the specialty of the Thursday evening's concert. The "Messiah" on the Friday morning, and Berlioz's "Faust" music in the evening, closed last week's festival.

The duties of conductor (with the exception of the works directed by their composers) have been efficiently fulfilled—as at the previous festival—by Mr. Randegger, Dr. Bunnett having been the organist and Dr. H. Hill the chorus-master.

The second Saturday afternoon concert of the new series (which took place last week) included the first performance at the Crystal Palace of a new Suite of Ballet Airs by Mr. A. Goring Thomas. These bright and graceful pieces had already been given by the Cambridge University Musical Society. Last Saturday's concert also included Herr Waldemar Meyer's skilful execution of Viouxtemps' Fourth Violin Concerto and smaller solo pieces; effective vocal performances having been contributed by Mr. B. McGuckin. Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, "The Golden Legend," is to be given at this week's Saturday concert.

Master Josef Hofmann gave a second recital of pianoforte music at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon, when he played a selection of solo pieces by Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and other composers, with all those remarkable executive and intellectual qualities which have before been so successfully manifested.

Her Majesty the Queen has forwarded her annual donation of one hundred guineas to the Royal College of Music. The Hon. and Rev. Edward Hanbury-Tracy has bequeathed to the College his three stalls in the Royal Albert Hall, and £150 to provide for the annual rent of the same. Mrs. Charlotte Elizabeth Thomasina Holmes, of Kensington, has also

bequeathed a legacy of £500, free of duty, to the College. The London Musical Society, on its dissolution, has presented the College with one hundred guineas, to form an annual prize for singing.

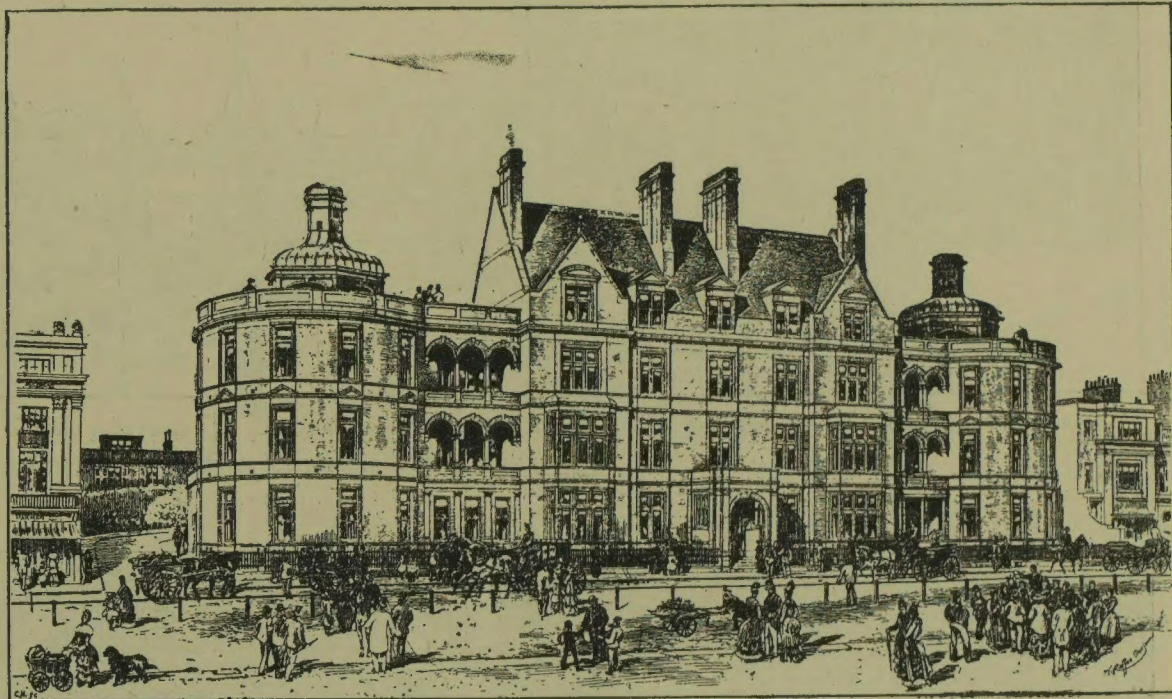
A series of special musical services on Sundays has been begun at Prince's Hall, conducted by Mr. J. M. Coward. An abbreviated form of prayer is read before the musical performances. These latter consisted, last Sunday, of Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer" and "Lobgesang," the solo singers having been Miss Agnes Larkoom and Mr. Kellie. There is room for improvement in the orchestral and choral arrangements, which it is to be hoped will be effected before next Sunday's performance of "The Messiah."

The Monday Popular Concerts will enter on their thirtieth season next week, when young Josef Hofmann will be the solo pianist, and Madame Norman-Néruda the leading and solo violinist. The afternoon performances will begin on the following Saturday, when the instrumental portions of the programme will be selected from the works of Beethoven, Mr. Charles Hallé being the pianist, and Madame Néruda again the leading and solo violinist.

The first musical festival at Cheltenham will take place on Tuesday and Wednesday next, in the Winter Gardens, the arrangements being under the management of Mr. J. A. Matthews's choral and orchestral society, directed by that gentleman, who will conduct the performances. The society will supply the choristers, with the addition of members of the Gloucester Festival choir; the band and chorus together numbering about 350 performers. The list of solo vocalists comprises the names of Madame Nordica, Mrs. Hutchinson, Misses H. Glenn and J. Jones, Mr. B. McGuckin, Mr. W. Mills, and others. There will be a full rehearsal on Monday evening, to which the public will be admitted. On Tuesday evening a miscellaneous selection will be followed by Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata, "The Golden Legend"; on Wednesday afternoon "Elijah" will be given; and on Wednesday evening a selection from Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro," followed by a series of miscellaneous pieces. At the close of each performance, contributions will be received in aid of local charities.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS HOSPITAL.

The rebuilding of the local hospital at White Rock, Hastings, has led to the enlargement of the institution, which may hereafter be regarded as the East Sussex Hospital. In the year



HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, AND EAST SUSSEX HOSPITAL.

1885 it was decided to modify the original scheme for the new hospital, and plans were prepared by the architects, Messrs. Young and Hall. Two schemes were submitted for the approval of the committee, one having wards of the usual form, the other having wards of a circular form, a system which owes its origin to the eminent surgeon, Professor John Marshall, F.R.S. Several members of the committee and of the medical staff, having visited the Miller Memorial Hospital at Greenwich (the first hospital with circular wards erected in this country) then recently completed from the designs of Messrs. Young and Hall, the circular system was, after much discussion, finally adopted, and the designs from which the present hospital has been erected were approved. The building is planned to accommodate sixty-eight patients in five circular wards of twelve patients each, four wards of one bed each, and two separation wards of two beds each. The central portion contains the general administration offices, with rooms for the resident medical officer, matron, nurses, and servants. The kitchen is placed on the top floor, and fitted with a complete gas cooking apparatus by Messrs. James Slater and Co., of London. The wards are connected with the administrative department by corridors, so constructed as to allow a free current of air to pass over them; these lead to a broad balcony, so arranged that the patients can be wheeled out into it in their beds. The mortuary and post-mortem rooms are on the ground floor, isolated from the hospital. The building is constructed of red brickwork, and all dressings are of Portland stone.

Our Illustrations of the Infirmary and Public Baths at Northwich are from photographs by Mr. Birtles, of that town and Warrington. The Portrait of Signor Crispi, the Italian Prime Minister, given last week, was from a photograph by Cavaliere M. Schemboche, of Rome.

A memorandum has been issued from the War Office directing all the Martini-Henry rifles and carbines and the swords and bayonets in the possession of the regiments and battalions composing the First Army Corps for active service to be examined at once by experts from the Royal Small Arms Factory at Birmingham.

The annual show of chrysanthemums in the Inner Temple Gardens is, by permission of the Benchers, open to the public. Mr. Newton, the head gardener, has a collection of more than 900 of the choicest specimens of these pretty winter flowers on view in the spacious glass structure facing the Thames Embankment, and he has this season added thirty-six new names to his catalogue.

FISHERMEN'S DISPUTES AT PLYMOUTH.

A scene of tumult and destructive violence took place on the Barbican at Plymouth, on Monday, the 10th inst., of which we give some illustrations. There is a feeling on the part of the hooker and trawler men of the port that their livelihood is unfairly interfered with by the fishermen from Brixham and from the Cornish ports of St. Ives and Newlyn. The cause of complaint is that while the Barbican has always been a "free market" to the fishers of other ports, dues are levied on the Plymouth men when they land their fish at those other ports, and that they are unfairly handicapped by the importation by train, while they are themselves at sea, of large quantities of fish into Plymouth, which are sent to the Barbican and sold by auction during their absence. Early in the morning the Plymouth men, arriving at the Barbican to go on board their fishing-boats and proceed to sea, found on the quay large quantities of hake—said to number about 240 packages, each containing from two to three dozen fish—waiting to be sold by auction. These fish had come by train from St. Ives and Newlyn, and had about an hour previously been conveyed from the Millbay Station to the salesmen on the Barbican. Exasperated at seeing what they regard as their own market encroached on, the Plymouth men consulted together for a moment, and then began to drag the hake out of the boxes awaiting sale. They followed this up by rushing over every part of the quay, seizing the barrels that contained the imported fish, and throwing them and their contents into Sutton Pool, until every package had disappeared. In the expectation that other consignments of fish might arrive during the day, the Plymouth men determined that they would not go to sea that day, and it was announced that the fishermen would hold an open-air meeting on the Barbican in the afternoon. But the owners of fishing-boats formed a committee to consult with the salesmen with a view to an amicable arrangement of matters in dispute; and a joint meeting of both owners and fishermen was held at the Bethel in the evening to receive the report of the committee, and "to carry out the business in a quiet manner, satisfactory to all concerned." The salesmen had agreed that all local fish should have priority of claim of sale, and that should all the local fish be sold before certain hours, then the sale of outsiders' fish should commence. But it is hoped that the Corporation of Plymouth will establish a proper fishmarket, with charges for the stalls. Our Views of the Barbican are from photographs by Mr. Arthur C. Elwes, of Plymouth.

THE "UNEMPLOYED."

The meetings of young men, calling themselves "unemployed," which were held daily last week in Trafalgar-square, were continued on Monday and Tuesday, and were more turbulent than their predecessors.

On Monday morning a deputation was appointed to wait upon the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. As he was out of town, they were received by Sir Henry Knight, whose answer, however, was deemed unsatisfactory. An attempt was subsequently made to march along the Strand, but the police, acting very promptly, broke up the procession, and the crowd once more returned to the square. In the afternoon violent speeches were made, and in the end the police entered, and amid a scene of wild excitement, cleared and held the square. A number of arrests were made. Several of the police, as well as men in the crowd, sustained severe injuries.

A large crowd assembled in Trafalgar-square on Tuesday morning, and about midday the proceedings became of an exceedingly disorderly character. A demagogue ascended a pedestal and began to harangue the mob as "the men of England!" He was promptly taken into custody, and other arrests speedily followed. The police charged in force, and after an exciting conflict the square was cleared. A rush was subsequently made to Hyde Park, where a meeting was organised and a resolution adopted protesting against the conduct of the police. A fierce tumult followed, during which the mob assailed the constables with stones and other missiles, and the latter vigorously used their truncheons. The police eventually gained the upper hand, but not till after several of their number had been seriously wounded. Many more arrests were made on the ground.

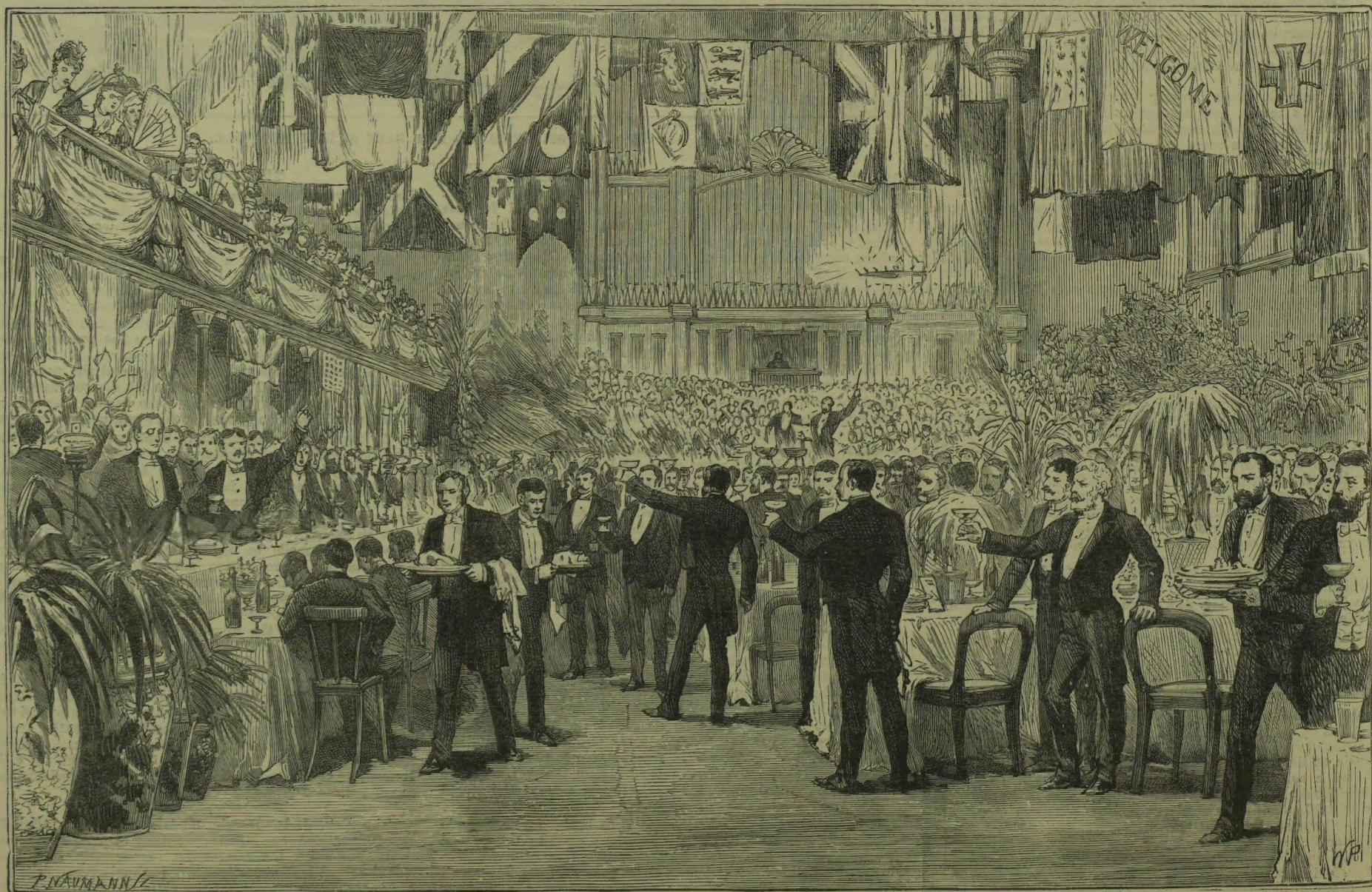
Seventeen persons were brought up at the Bow-street Police Court on Tuesday, on charges of being concerned in the riot in Trafalgar-square on Monday. Several were sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from one to six months, and others were required to find sureties to keep the peace. Some of the persons arrested on Tuesday were also brought up, either at Bow-street or Marlborough-street, and sent to prison, fined, or remanded.

The Rev. J. R. Diggle, chairman of the London School Board, presided on Monday evening at a meeting held in connection with the completion of the enlargement of the Board School in Newcastle-street, Bethnal-green. In the course of his speech he stated that the class of education would not be inferior owing to the fact that the charge at the school will be one penny.



1. Fish buyers 2. Trawlers going out from the Hoe. 3. A Plymouth trawler. 4. East end of Barbican. 5. Pier end of Barbican. 6. West end of Barbican.

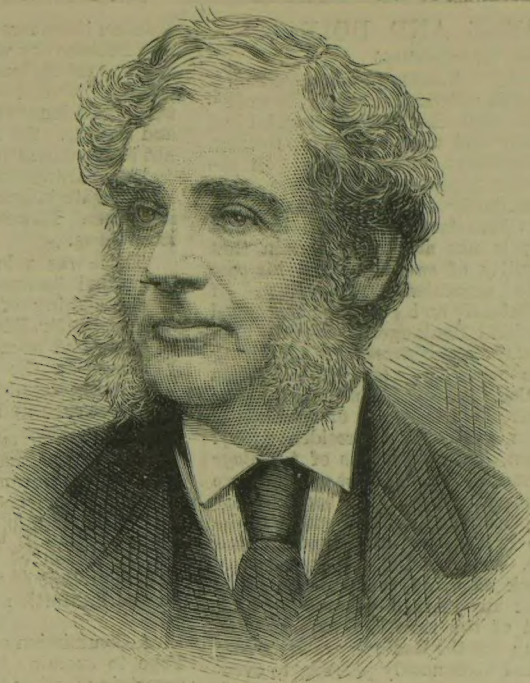
THE DISPUTES BETWEEN FISHERMEN AT PLYMOUTH.



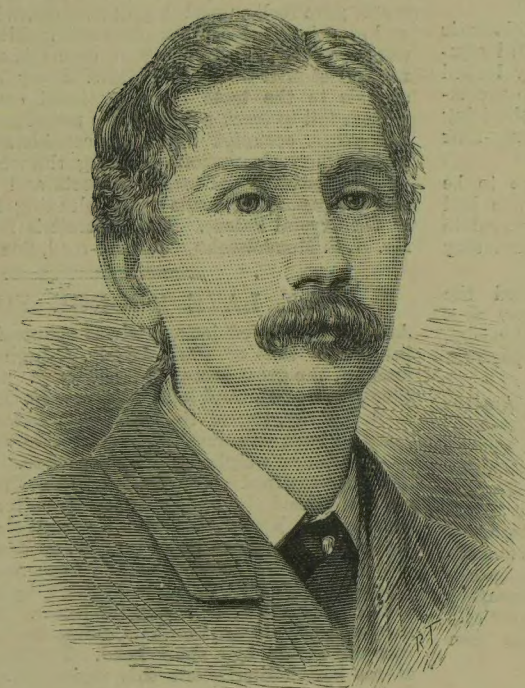
THE STATE OF IRELAND.—MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT BELFAST: "GREAT MEETING IN ULSTER HALL."



THE LATE MRS. CRAIK
(MISS MULOCK).



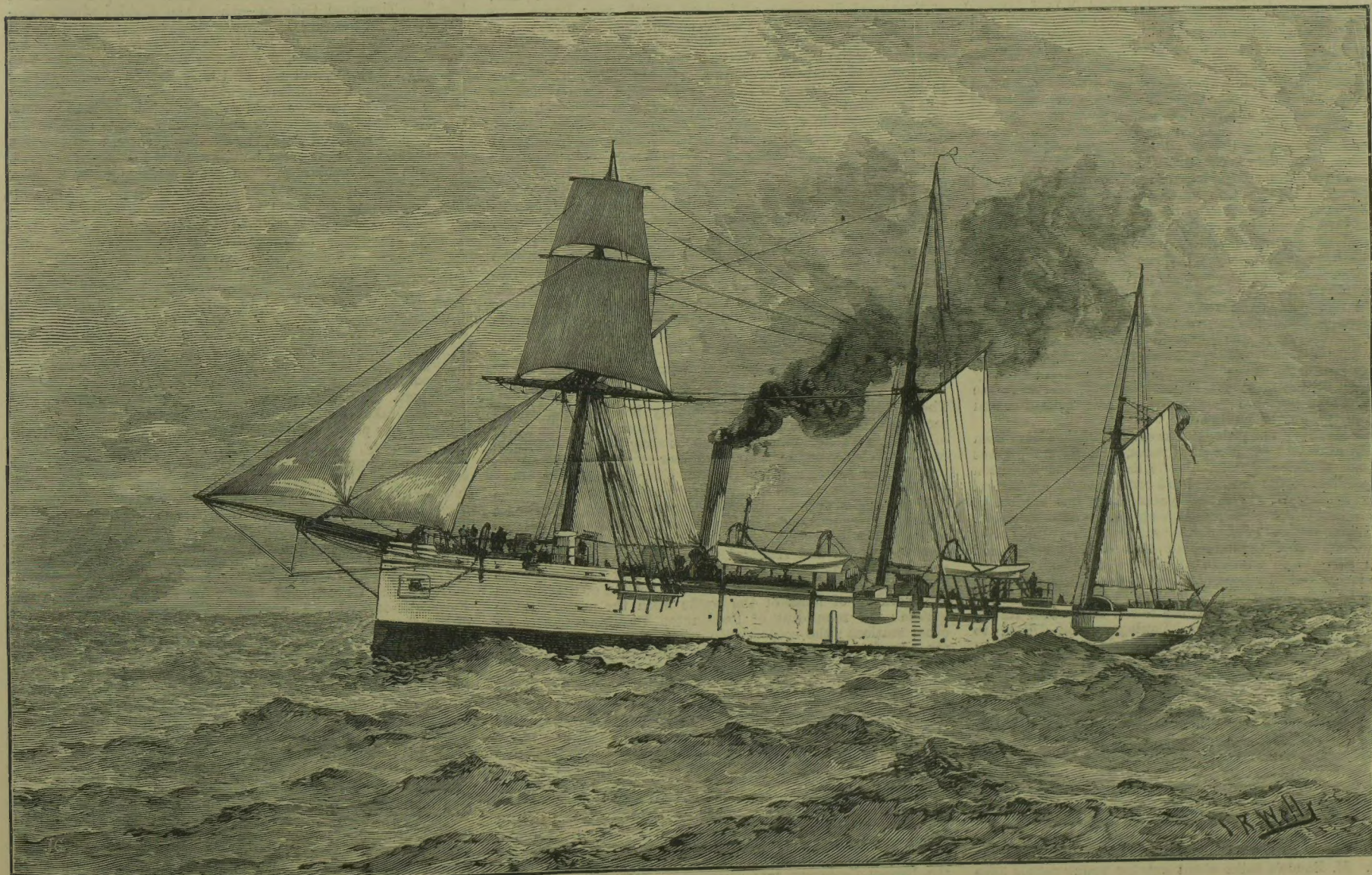
THE LATE MR. GRIERSON,
GENERAL MANAGER OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.



THE LATE SIR MAXWELL MELVILL, K.C.I.E.,
MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL, BOMBAY.



THE LATE GEORGE FORDHAM,
JOCKLY.



H.M.S. WASP, SUPPOSED TO BE LOST AT SEA.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Oct. 18.

At the Cabinet Council yesterday President Grévy is understood to have expressed regret that the Caffarel scandal had been stirred up so precipitately and with so much publicity. M. Grévy's words always represent wisdom itself. In the present case accusations, scandal, and calumny have been lavished so freely and so abundantly that it is impossible to say where truth begins and where fancy ends. In the first place, up to the present, it is not absolutely certain that General Caffarel has been guilty of swindling, and his case will probably have to be separated from those of Mesdames Limousin and Ratazzi and of the absconded General D'Andlau. And General Boulanger? He has been simply subjected to thirty days' strict arrest for criticising the acts of his hierarchic superior; and people seem generally to be of opinion that it serves him right. But the most curious development of this series of scandals is the campaign against M. Wilson, son-in-law of President Grévy. The attacks against M. Wilson, the accusations of *tripotage* and jobbery in all kinds of financial and contract schemes, are so persistent that even the most sceptical are beginning to suspect that M. Wilson has, perhaps, abused the influence he possesses as son-in-law of the President of the Republic, and as an inhabitant of the Elysée. In short, the washing of dirty linen, which I noticed last week as being the principal topic of the day, continues without any marked progress. When Parliament meets, at the end of the month, I suppose this laundry-work will begin again; for the Radicals are preparing all kinds of interpellations, and strenuously plotting to overthrow the Rouvier Cabinet.

The Comédie Française has won the applause of the poets, and of the public in general, by the revival of Auguste Vacquerie's two acts in verse, "Souvent homme varie," which has not seen the footlights for more than twenty years, its first representation dating from 1859. The success of the piece promises to be as great now as it was in 1859, and this fact alone shows how much talent and poetic skill M. Vacquerie must have, for the whole plot of the play consists in this: Beppo, a Florentine gentleman, is paying court to Fideline, a widow of the school of Célimène, who wishes men to find her beautiful, to tell her that she is beautiful, and that is all. Beppo, by the advice of his friend Troppa, determines to subjugate the beauty by feigning love for another. But whom can he pretend to love? Troppa offers to lend his own lady-love Lydia, and, behold, Beppo's play becomes earnest; and, by the time Fideline is ready to capitulate, Lydia has really taken her place in Beppo's heart, and thus Vacquerie demonstrates that François I.'s distich, written on the window of Chambord, has its counterpart: "Souvent homme varie, Bien folle qui s'y fie." And in what elegant and sprightly verse the poet has developed his theme! In what an enchanted and enchanting country this exquisite comedy is played! As for the acting, one would like to see more fire and youth in M. Lebargy, and to hear Madame Blanche Pierson recite verse with more style. But, criticism apart, "Souvent homme varie" is a charming spectacle, admirably put on the stage by M. Claretie, the administrator-general of the Comédie—a manager who is himself a poet.

The Opéra Comique reopened on Saturday in the provisional premises of the Théâtre des Nations, Place du Châtelet, and under the provisional management of M. Jules Barbier. The rebuilding of the Opéra Comique will be decided as soon as the Chambers meet, and there is some probability that the theatre will be transferred to the Salle Ventadour, formerly the Théâtre Italien.

M. Emmanuel Gonzalès, in former days a popular sensational novel-writer, died last week, at the age of seventy-two. During the past forty years Gonzalès has been the life and soul of the Société des Gens de Lettres, which, by-the-by, will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation on Nov. 10 of this year. The Société des Gens de Lettres has rendered immense services to French literary men, and, from a very modest beginning, it has grown up to be a most flourishing and wealthy institution. Fifty years ago Alphonse Karr astounded French publishers and theatrical managers by proclaiming that literary property is property—"la propriété littéraire est une propriété." This axiom became the war-cry of a campaign in which Balzac played an important rôle, and the result was the foundation of the society, which now collects yearly about 250,000fr. of authors' rights, which are divided proportionately amongst the five hundred and odd members. Furthermore, the society is constituted into a syndicate, which pronounces in all difficulties between writers and publishers or editors. The organisation of the society is very simple: the members pay an annual subscription, and the society looks after their interests, having its agents in various towns. Thus, an author publishes a novel, we will say; any Parisian newspaper having a treaty with the Société des Gens de Lettres is at liberty to reprint that novel in its columns on condition that it pays the society a halfpenny a line; for provincial newspapers the tariff for reprinting is less; the agents of the society keep run of these reproductions, collect the dues, and every month remit to the author his account. The rôle of the society is at once moral and financial; its action has won respect for Alphonse Karr's axiom; literary property in France is recognised as property, and even the most modest authors are guaranteed against spoliation and against the tyranny of publishers.

The disadvantages of promiscuous over-education have been frequently discussed of late in France, and at the present moment the Minister of Commerce is devoting his attention to this question, so far as women are concerned, in a practical manner. During nearly thirty years there has existed at Lyons a higher commercial school for girls, founded by Mlle. Luquin, which has acquired the patronage of the Municipality and the Chamber of Commerce of that city, and rendered immense services in educating female clerks, book-keepers, correspondents, &c. In accordance with the report drawn up by Mlle. Luquin, the Minister has invited the Municipalities and Chambers of Commerce of the towns of Rouen, Havre, Elbeuf, Amiens, Lille, Roubaix, Boulogne, and Dijon, to establish in these centres commercial schools for girls. How much more desirable is it to teach women to be useful and to give them a remunerative profession than it is to bewilder their brains with Greek plays, conic sections, and cuneiform inscriptions!

The publishers are beginning to load our tables with new books. Amongst interesting novelties I notice a volume published by Larousse and Co., "L'Art; Simples Entretiens, à l'Usage de la Jeunesse," by Elie Pécart and Charles Baude. This is a series of conversations about art, written for young people, and well written, too. One of the authors, M. Charles Baude, is not unknown to our readers; he is the clever French wood-engraver whose reproductions, notably of many of Rembrandt's portraits, are decidedly unique in the history of this art. M. Baude's talks about art for young people have the precious qualities of lucidity, and of being intelligible to youthful minds. The book is published under the patronage of the Government Educational Department. To lovers of

Russian literature—and in these days of translations of Tolstoi and Dostoevsky who is not interested in Russian writers?—I recommend M. Isaac Pavlovsky's "Souvenirs sur Tourguéneff" (one vol. Paris: Savine). M. Pavlovsky's account of Tourguéneff's relations with his two famous rivals is most piquant and curious. As for Tourguéneff himself, M. Pavlovsky does not tell us much to make us love the man. Perhaps it would be better always to leave the public in ignorance of the private life, private judgments, and, generally, of the intimate sides of its heroes. However, the public sometimes takes pleasure in iconoclasm.

There was a brilliant reception yesterday at the house of Baron and Baroness Gustave De Rothschild, on the occasion of the signing of the marriage contract of their daughter Aline with Mr. Edward Sassoon. The religious marriage will be celebrated to-morrow, at the synagogue, on the Rue de la Victoire.—In the Department of the Orne, on Sunday, M. Christophe, Republican, was elected deputy. The Monarchists could not even find a candidate to run against him. Notice to those who are ordering Court clothes for the enthronement of the Comte de Paris.—Mr. Blaine, the American statesman and Presidential candidate, has come to Paris, where he intends to spend the winter.—To-night the Minister of Commerce, M. Dautresme, will speak at a banquet of more than a thousand covers, offered by the members of the various committees of the Exhibition of 1889. This banquet is intended to be the artistic prelude of all the splendours which are being prepared for the Exhibition year.

A Commission of four Cardinals has been appointed by the Pope to examine the Italian law of guarantees, in order to ascertain whether a *modus vivendi* can be established between the Vatican and the Quirinal.—Sixteen hundred French pilgrims, who have gone to Rome to congratulate the Pope on his Jubilee, have been received by his Holiness, who reminded them that the Catholic Church had always contributed to ameliorate the lot of the working-classes.

Queen Christina of Spain, in presence of the Diplomatic Corps, delivered the prizes on Monday to the successful competitors in the Philippine Exhibition. Her Majesty looked exceedingly well, as also did the Infanta Isabel, who accompanied her.—The Queen Regent has signed a decree authorising the construction of six large war-vessels and twenty-four torpedo-boats.

The foundation-stone of the buildings which are to be erected in connection with the new port of Lisbon was laid on Sunday. M. Hersent, the contractor, has transported to Lisbon a great part of the stock which he used in constructing the harbour works at Antwerp.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany celebrated the Crown Prince's birthday at Baden-Baden on Tuesday as a simple family festival.—Dr. Kirchhoff, the celebrated physicist, who was the colleague of Bunsen in the foundation of spectrum analysis, died on Monday in Berlin.

King Milan made his first call on the Emperor of Austria on Thursday week. The visit was returned in the afternoon, when the two Sovereigns remained together for half an hour.—The Emperor arrived at Vienna from Ischl on Sunday morning.—Yesterday week the Budget of the Austrian Empire for the coming year was laid on the table of the Lower House of the Reichsrath. It shows a deficit of 21,200,000 florins.—The Hungarian House of Magnates has passed without amendment, after a short debate, the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne.—His Majesty has convoked the Parliamentary Delegations for the 27th inst.—The Duchess of Cumberland on Saturday left the private asylum, in which she has been confined since last March, perfectly cured.

THE LATE SIR MAXWELL MELVILL.

The Government of Bombay published a special notification, bearing testimony to the merits of Sir Maxwell Melvill, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., on the occasion of his death, which took place, at the age of fifty-three, at Gunesh Khind, near Poonah, on Aug. 5, to the regret of the whole community. He was son of Major-General Sir Peter Melvill, K.C.B., Military and Naval Secretary to the Bombay Government. He was educated at the University of Cambridge, where he gained the Bell Scholarship in 1852, and then went to Haileybury College, from which he was appointed to the Bombay Civil Service in 1855, and, after being employed in various revenue and judicial offices, became Judicial Commissioner of Sindh in 1866. He was transferred to the Bombay High Court in 1871, and was made a member of the Executive Council of the Presidency in 1884. He was a man, not only of exceptional ability and sound judgment, but of great firmness and decision of character, yet of so conciliatory a disposition and such perfect courtesy of manner, that he won the regard as well as the respect of all. He was a keen sportsman and a capital shot; and, some years ago, won a bet in Sindh by shooting one hundred brace of snipe between sunrise and sunset. One of his feats was that of swimming across the Indus, just below Sukkur, where the current is so swift as to make it almost impossible to land in safety on the opposite bank. His extraordinary pluck often led him into adventures not suited to a man of delicate constitution.

THE LATE MR. GRIERSON.

The Great Western Railway Company has lost the valued services of one of the ablest of railway managers by the death of Mr. James Grierson, who was about sixty years of age. He was highly esteemed by a large number of personal friends in the railway services of the United Kingdom, the Continent, and the Colonies, as well as by every member of the numerous staff under his control. During his management, in the past twenty years, most of the important changes and improvements which have raised the Great Western Railway to its present position and rendered it a profitable property to its shareholders have been carried out. Among these were the abandonment of the broad gauge over a portion of the line and the working of most of the traffic upon the narrow gauge system; the rebuilding of Paddington Terminus and many other stations; the construction of the Severn Tunnel; and the adoption of the electric light between Paddington and Westbourne-park. Mr. Grierson was well known to the Queen and most members of the Royal family, having on many important occasions taken charge of her Majesty's special train in her journeys over the Great Western Railway. At Westminster, Mr. Grierson's presence was familiar to many members of the Legislature, in attending the Railway Committees of the House of Commons. Mr. Grierson in his administrative capacity was in every way an admirable general manager, and his loss will be deeply felt by the directors and the officials of the company. Mr. Grierson lately attended the Italian conference of railway managers at Milan, and became seriously indisposed immediately after his return from the Continent three weeks ago. His funeral, at the Barnes Cemetery, was attended by many chairmen and directors and chief officials of the English railway companies. The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. H. S. Mendelssohn, South Kensington.

THE LATE MRS. CRAIK.

The death, on Wednesday week, of this accomplished lady author, who was long known and esteemed as Miss Mulock before her marriage, and who has been an acceptable contributor to literature since 1849, is much regretted. Miss Dinah Maria Mulock was born in 1826, at Stoke-on-Trent. Her first novel, "The Ogilvies," published in 1849, was followed by "Olive" in 1850, "The Head of the Family" in 1851, and "Agatha's Husband" in 1852. It was not until 1857 that the most popular of Miss Mulock's literary works, which fully established her fame, "John Halifax, Gentleman," appeared. This was followed, in 1859, by "A Life for a Life," and by "Mistress and Maid" in 1863. Her next novel was "Christian's Mistake," published in 1865. In 1865 Miss Mulock was married to Mr. George Lillie Craik, a partner in the publishing house of Macmillan and Co. Among her later productions were "A Noble Life" in 1866; "Two Marriages," 1867; "My Mother and I," 1874; "The Laurel Bush," 1876; "Miss Tommy," 1884, and "King Arthur," 1886. Mrs. Craik also published collections of papers, entitled "Romantic Tales," "Domestic Tales," "Nothing New," "Studies from Life," "A Woman's Thoughts about Women;" besides "Fair France: Impressions of a Traveller," and a volume of poems. Among the works from her pen are "Sermons out of Church," 1875; "A Legacy: the Life and Remains of John Martin, Schoolmaster and Poet," 1878; "Plain Speaking," 1882, and others. When the *English Illustrated Magazine* was founded, Mrs. Craik became a regular contributor, and wrote two series of papers, afterwards republished in separate volumes—"An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall," and "An Unknown Country"—the latter describing a tour in the north of Ireland. Some years ago she obtained a pension of £60 a year from the Civil List, in consideration of her services to literature. Mrs. Craik's funeral took place on Saturday at the churchyard of Keston, three miles from Bromley, in Kent. Her works do not exhibit a very powerful imagination, but strong good sense, pure feeling, and high principle, with much originality and skill in designing the plots and incidents of fiction. They deal chiefly with characters of domestic and social life, in the manner of Mrs. Gaskell and Mrs. Henry Wood, avoiding what appeals to the taste for sensational excitement; and they seldom fail to teach a wholesome moral lesson. Mrs. Craik, of late years, occupied her mind considerably with the direct examination of questions affecting the welfare of society, and with the advocacy of useful projects and institutions; one of the last papers she wrote was a pleading for the preservation of the Crystal Palace. The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. H. S. Mendelssohn, Cathcart-road, South Kensington.

THE LATE GEORGE FORDHAM.

Another celebrated jockey, whose reputation for skill was not inferior to that of Fred Archer, though he did not win so many of the great races, died last week. George Fordham was fifty years of age, and had long been ill. He was an apprentice to R. Drewitt, one of the trainers at Lewes, and began to ride races in 1852, winning the Chester Cup with Epaminondas in 1854, when he weighed under four stone. In 1859 he rode Mr. Stirling Crawford's Mayonnaise for the One Thousand Guineas and Lord Londesborough's Summerside for the Oaks; in 1861 he won the Newmarket race a second time on Mr. Fleming's Nemesis, and a third time, in 1865, on the Duke of Beaufort's Siberia. In the interval he had once nearly won the Derby, when, on Lord Clifden, he was beaten by a head by Macaroni, the late Tom Chaloner riding the latter. In the St. Leger race the previous autumn, Fordham, riding Buckstone for Mr. Merry, was also beaten by a short head. Fordham was getting some of his best riding about this period, being employed by the Duke of Beaufort and the late Mr. John Bowes. In the years which followed 1865, Fordham was for a long period at the head of the winning jockeys; but his best seasons were in 1867, when he won the Two Thousand Guineas on the Duke of Beaufort's Vauban; and in 1868, when he rode Formosa in the Two Thousand Guineas—which she divided after a dead-heat with Mr. Stirling Crawford's Moslem—the One Thousand Guineas, and the Oaks. In all he rode seven winners of the One Thousand Guineas, five of the Oaks, three of the Two Thousand Guineas, and one of the Derby, in 1879, riding Sir Berys for Baron Lionel Rothschild; the St. Leger was the only one of the great three-year-old prizes which he failed to secure. Fordham added many other successes in events such as the Ascot and Goodwood Cups, the Cambridgeshire, which he won four times, and other great handicaps and two-year-old prizes, up to his final retirement from his profession, after winning the One Thousand Guineas for M. Lefevre on Hauteur in 1883. The Portrait of Fordham is from a photograph by Messrs. Dickinson, of New Bond-street.

H.M.S. WASP.

Much anxiety has been felt concerning the fate of this gun-boat, which is now believed to have been lost on her passage from Singapore to Shanghai. The Wasp was commissioned at Sheerness on April 21 last, under command of Lieutenant Bryan J. H. Adamson. She left Sheerness on May 21 for Shanghai, to take the place of the Midge, which had been condemned as unfit for further service. On Sept. 10 she left Singapore. The voyage from Singapore to Shanghai would probably take the Wasp about sixteen days, but it is very seldom ships proceed direct to that port, as they generally call at Hong-Kong, which is about eleven days distant for a gun-boat from Singapore. It was considered just possible that the ship might have sought shelter at one of the Philippine Islands not in telegraphic communication with Hong-Kong or Shanghai; but the length of time the vessel was overdue did not favour such a supposition. The Wasp carried six guns, and was of the class known as "composite." Her engines were 670 (nominal) and 1000-horse power (nominal). The Wasp and her sister, the Rattler, were the first of a new type of gun-vessels, built for the Government by Sir W. Armstrong and Co., at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Wasp was named after a gun-vessel of a rather smaller type wrecked off Tory Island on the coast of Ireland three years ago. She had a displacement of 670 tons, and carried very little sail, being only provided with yards on her foremast, but was looked upon by the Admiralty as a very useful type of ship; and since she was built six vessels of the same class have been ordered to be built in the Government yards. The list of officers at the beginning of the present quarter was as follows:—Lieutenant and Commander Bryan J. H. Adamson; Sub-Lieutenants Alexander W. Atkinson and the Hon. William G. D. Fortescue; Surgeon Thomas Nunan, M.D.; Assistant-Paymaster-in-Charge, Newton H. Greenwood; Engineer Henfy Attwood, Gunner George F. Hodges. The Wasp had on board seventy-three hands, all told—namely, seven officers, fifty-five seamen, three boys, and eight marines. The Commander, Lieutenant Adamson, was formerly Senior Lieutenant of Sheerness Royal Naval Barracks, from which the crew of the Wasp was principally drawn, and was known as a very careful officer.

Our Illustration of the Wasp is from a photograph by Messrs. Symonds, of Portsmouth.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated July 25, 1882), with five codicils (dated May 1, 1883; Oct. 28 and Nov. 30, 1886; and May 22 and 24, 1887), of the Right Hon. Thomas, Baron Clermont, late of Ravensdale Park, in the county of Louth, who died on July 29 last, to Lord Carlingford, K.P., the brother, Owen Wynne, D.L., and the Very Rev. Henry Stewart, D.D., the executors, was resealed in London on the 13th inst., the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland exceeding £82,000. The testator bequeaths a sum of £8000 Consols, the proceeds of the sale of his town residence in Hill-street; £7000, £500, such furniture, plate, pictures, china, horses and carriages, at Ravensdale Park or elsewhere, as she may select, and all her jewellery, to his wife, Louisa, Lady Clermont. He charges his real estate with an annuity of £1000 to his wife, in addition to the jointure of £1500 per annum already secured to her; he also charges his real estate with annuities to sisters, servants, and others. Subject to such annuities, he settles all his real estate on his brother Chichester, Lord Carlingford, for life, and, in default of children, with remainder to his niece, Martha Stewart, for life, with remainder to her child or children, as she shall appoint. Six family portraits he leaves to his said brother, for life, and then, in default of children, to go with the estates of the Earldom of Fortescue; and there are a few other bequests. All his moneys in the Banks of England and Ireland, and moneys invested in any securities, he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life, and then, as to the capital, for his said niece. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said brother.

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1887) of the Hon. and Rev. Edward Hanbury-Tracy, formerly of No. 5, Marine-parade, Folkestone, but late of No. 9, Stratton-street, and of Arthur's Club, St. James's-street, Piccadilly, who died on the 12th ult., at Gipsy Hill, Upper Norwood, was proved on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Frederick Peel, the Hon. Hubert Hanbury-Tracy, the nephew, and Arthur Black, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £77,000. The testator leaves his three stalls in the Royal Albert Hall to the President, Treasurer, and Secretary of the Royal College of Music, Kensington-gore, and £150 in order that the said stalls may be enjoyed free of the annual payment of £2 each imposed by Act of Parliament, upon trust, for the general purposes of the said college; three fourths of the amounts standing to his credit at Messrs. Child and Co., Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, and Co., and the National Provincial Bank (Folkestone branch), to such benevolent and charitable institutions upon the books of which his name shall appear as an annual subscriber at the time of his death, provided that his subscriptions have been paid through his bankers; and considerable legacies to nephews, nieces, children of nieces, servants and attendants, and others. The residue of his estate he leaves to his great-nephews who shall be seeking their livelihood as emigrants in any British colony or in the United States of North America, or shall, within twelve months of his decease, take, to the satisfaction of his executors, steps for effecting such object, or in the diplomatic or consular service, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 19, 1883), with a codicil (dated Oct. 20, 1884), of Mr. Richard Berridge, late of Ballynahinch Castle, in the county of Galway, and of Knowle Hall, near Bridgewater, Somersetshire, who died on the 20th ult., was proved on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Samuel William Turner and John Hunter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £312,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to each of his daughters, Felicia, Lilian, Rose May, and Beatrice Maria on their respectively attaining twenty-one, and £15,000 is settled upon each of them; £1000 to his eldest daughter, Marion, and £7000 is settled upon her in addition to £8000 settled upon her on her marriage; and £200,000 out of such part of his personal property as may by law be bequeathed for charitable purposes, upon trust, to apply the same for the advancement and propagation of education in economic and sanitary sciences in Great Britain; and should he give no further directions thereon, his trustees are to settle a scheme, and, if approved by the Attorney-General, it is to be valid and binding in all respects. He devises all his freehold and leasehold property and chattels real in England and Ireland, and bequeaths all his personal estate, subject to the payment of the said legacies and his debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, to his son Richard; but if the capital value of the property so left to his son shall be under £100,000, then the £200,000 legacy is to be diminished by such an amount as will increase the value of the property given to his son to £100,000.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1878) and codicil (dated April 2, 1884) of Mr. William Smith, of Bank Place, Bowdon, Cheshire, who died on Sept. 25 last, was proved in the Chester District Registry on the 13th inst. by Messrs. James Shorrocks and Thomas Lister Farrar, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £92,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to his nephews Thomas Smith and Robert Gibson, to the children of his deceased nephew, John Good, to his niece Sarah Anne Smith, to the children of his niece Mary Alvey, to his executors, and servants. He also directs that a sum of £20,000 shall be held, in trust, for his brother, John Smith, for life, with remainder to his children and issue. The residue of testator's real and personal estate is to be held, in trust, for his niece, Elizabeth Shorrocks, for life, and afterwards paid as she shall, by deed or will, appoint, and, in default of any appointment, to her children and issue.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated Sept. 10, 1886) of Mr. Robert Galbraith, of Greenhead, in the parish of Govan, who died, on Aug. 15 last, at Lochend Gart-coch, granted to Peter Clouston, James Bullock, and Robert Galbraith, and William Wingate Galbraith, the sons, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on the 5th inst., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £47,000.

The will (dated Nov. 18, 1886), with a codicil (dated July 23, 1887), of Mr. Charles Madocks Beech, late of No. 2, Eaton-place, Belgravia, who died on July 25 last, at Holme Chase, Weybridge, was proved on the 21st ult. by Rowland John Beech and Henry Edward Beech, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £44,000. The testator leaves £200 each to the London Samaritan Institution (High-street, Homerton), the Victoria Hospital for Children (Queen's-road West, Chelsea), the Marine Society (Bishopsgate), the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, and to the Vicar and churchwardens of Kingsley (Staffordshire), to be expended by them for the benefit of, or in and about the, Kingsley Church Reading-rooms; £10,000, upon trust, for his niece, Sibyl Esther Emily Napier; his furniture, pictures, plate, books, rifles, guns, and effects, and all his estate in the United States of North America, to his brother Rowland John; and a few other bequests. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he gives one third each to his brothers Henry Edward and Reginald; and one third upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his sister, Alice Mary Napier.

The will (dated Jan. 21, 1885) of Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher Buckle, formerly of Banstead, Surrey, but late of the United Service Club, Pall-mall, and of Shakenhurst,

Worcestershire, who died on July 19 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by Rear-Admiral Charles Matthew Buckle, the brother, the Rev. Robert Higgins, and Robert Manley Lowe, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £41,000. The testator leaves considerable legacies to brothers, sisters, nephews, godchildren, and others; and the residue of his property to his said brother, Charles Matthew Buckle.

The will (dated July 15, 1887) of Mrs. Amelia Meinertzhagen, late of Belmont, Wimbledon, Surrey, who died on the 10th ult., was proved on the 5th inst. by Daniel Meinertzhagen and Ernest Louis Meinertzhagen, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £34,000. The testatrix bequeaths the plate presented to her husband by her late father, Frederick Huth, the remainder of her plate, and all her pictures, books, furniture, effects, horses and carriages to her son Daniel; annuities to sister and to friends, and liberal legacies to servants. All her real estate (if any) and the residue of her personal estate she leaves to all her children, equally; but the share of her son Frederick Huth, as he is already amply provided for, is to go to his children. She appoints, under the powers conferred on her by several settlements, one seventh of the trust funds to the children of her said son Frederick Huth, and six sevenths between her other children.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1884) of General Edward Price, R.A., C.B., late of Mongewell House, Oxfordshire, and of No. 13, Gledhow-gardens, South Kensington, who died on Aug. 13 last, was proved on the 6th inst. by Thomas Price, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. The testator gives his live and dead stock, the growing crops on his farms in Oxfordshire and Kent, and the rent due and accruing on the property in which he has a life estate, to his said brother; and there are special gifts to his sisters, Charlotte and Rosa Elizabeth, and legacies to house servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said two sisters.

THE COURT.

The Queen drove to Abergeldie on Friday morning, last week, attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps, and visited the ex-Empress Eugénie, and in the afternoon her Majesty drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Connaught. The Empress Eugénie dined with the Queen and Royal family. On Saturday morning last the Queen went out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Connaught. In the afternoon her Majesty drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and attended by Lady Amphil. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, and Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg arrived at the castle. Prince Henry of Battenberg and Sir Fleetwood Edwards met her Royal Highness and the Princes at Ballater Station. The Empress Eugénie dined with the Queen and the Royal family. Divine service was held in the castle on Sunday morning, in the presence of the Queen and Royal family and members of the household, the Rev. A. Wallace Williamson, minister of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, officiating. In the afternoon her Majesty drove out, accompanied by Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice. Lord John Manners had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. On Monday morning the Queen drove out, attended by Lady Amphil, and in the afternoon drove out with the Empress Eugénie. In recognition of the continuous labours of the Lord Chamberlain's Department during the recent celebrations of her Majesty's Jubilee the Queen has, it is understood, presented to every member of that department her Jubilee medal and a money gift.

The Prince of Wales, who was visiting Newmarket last week, returned to Marlborough House at seven o'clock on Saturday evening, attended by Colonel Clarke. On Monday he went to Easton Neston House, the residence of Sir Thomas Hesketh, Bart., for a few days' hunting. Prince Albert Victor left at the same time for Althorp, Northamptonshire, on a visit to Lord Spencer. On Tuesday the Prince laid the foundation-stone of the Jubilee wing of the Northampton General Infirmary. After visiting some of the wards of the institution his Royal Highness, accompanied by a municipal and masonic procession, proceeded to the Townhall, where he received addresses of welcome and was entertained at luncheon.

It is announced from Copenhagen that Princesses Victoria, Louise, and Maud of Wales are suffering from measles of a mild character, and that the children of the Czar and Czarina, Prince Hans of Glücksburg (brother of the King of Denmark), and Prince George of Greece have caught the infection. The return to London of the Princess of Wales has been, consequently, postponed.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck and Princess Victoria arrived on Monday at Eaton Hall on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Westminster. On Tuesday the Duchess distributed the prizes in connection with the Cheshire Dairy Show.

The Lords of the Admiralty have awarded the Medical Officers' Greenwich Hospital Pension of £50 a year to Staff-Surgeon John Stewart; and also the Naval Pension of £50 a year for Navigating Officers to Staff-Commander Samuel W. K. Freeman.

There was launched from Devonport Dockyard on Monday afternoon the fourth torpedo gun-boat of the Rattlesnake, Grasshopper, and Sandfly type. She was named the Spider. The ceremony was performed by Miss Minnie Hay, daughter of Lord John Hay, Naval Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, in the presence of many thousand spectators. The Spider is of 3000-horse power, and will cost when complete £36,000. A vessel of 4500 tons, and to be named the Sharpshooter, is to succeed her on the slips.

Ready Oct. 24.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK & ANNUAL

For 1888,

SIX MONOCHROME PICTURES, Illustrating Christmas Customs in Five Centuries, from Original Paintings by ORESTE CORTAZZO, and a

PRESENTATION PLATE IN MONOCHROME

Entitled "KENILWORTH," from a Painting by MAYNARD BROWN.

TWELVE STORIES BY POPULAR AUTHORS,

Including Charles Gibbon, Rosa Mulholland, George Manville Fenn, Mrs. Linnaeus Banks, R. E. Francillon, Annie Thomas, G. A. Henty, Robert Overton, Percy Groves, &c., and a

GREAT VARIETY OF USEFUL INFORMATION FOR REFERENCE THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

Published at the Office of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 128, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The week since I wrote last has been crossed by the shadow of the deaths of two notable women, each of them distinctly a woman of mark, though in totally different ways. Lady Brassey's death, indeed, though only now made generally known, occurred more than a month ago; and there is something peculiarly touching in the reasons for that long delay in the information reaching the public. Lady Brassey was one of the most widely-known and generally-admired women of the day. Her circle of personal acquaintances was unusually large; she had over four hundred names on her visiting-book, which she kept as systematically and skilfully as if she had been a popular physician. Many hundreds of people outside "society" knew her, in a sense personally, from her interest in many and various forms of philanthropic work. Ambulance teaching was a special interest to Lady Brassey; she had taken a full course of lessons herself in "First Aid to the Injured," and gained her certificate, and on one occasion actually saved the life of a reaper, who had cut his leg severely, by applying to him the proper methods of checking hemorrhage. She opened her house in Park-lane for ladies' classes in this subject, and aided in the organisation of many other courses. But the people who knew her personally, either by sharing with her in public work of this sort or as a prominent member of London society, are few, compared to the vast multitude who had grown to feel quite familiar and friendly with the genial and courageous mistress of the Sunbeam and the unaffected historian of that adventurous little craft's voyages. Had Lady Brassey been ill on shore, every newspaper in the kingdom would have chronicled her condition daily; and thousands who had never seen her face would have sent kindly and warm sympathy and hearty good wishes towards her couch of sickness. Surely there is something very touching in the fact that for a whole month silence should have been around her solitary tomb—that "spot on the lone, lone sea, unmarked but holy; for there the gallant and the free in an ocean bed lies lowly."

Mrs. Craik (author of "John Halifax, Gentleman") was different, no less in her quiet, gentle personality than in her career, from the active, energetic, and brilliant woman of society, travel, and letters. Mrs. Craik's novels are one and all good in tone and purpose; they present very accurate pictures of a life for the most part quiet and orderly, the interest depending upon the relations of every-day characters and the events of common existence. Her book on the woman question, "A Woman's Thoughts about Women," has to be criticised with due regard to the fact that it was written thirty years ago. This accounts, probably, for what strikes a reader of to-day ("of to-day," I mean, in spirit as well as in chronology) as a too feeble, fencing manner of grappling with great truths, and dealing with vast troubles. But though such concessions to the spirit of the then passing age grate on us now, yet the book as a whole is wise and brave and true; and, written as it was before the subject of the changed conditions of women's lives had been discussed widely or comprehended at all generally, it is remarkable for its clear-sighted perception of many things that it is now trite, but that it was then original, to think and to say.

The basis of the modern plan of educating women thoroughly, and fitting them to face the world in whatever capacity they can prove themselves competent to be employed, is the altered economical conditions of society. Now that machinery makes a hundred articles that once were prepared for each family separately, and within the walls of each individual household; now that rapid and cheap means of transit have caused division of labour to be carried to so extreme a point; and now that the numerical surplus of females, a consequence of civilisation, precludes the possibility of a large proportion of our women being married—it has become inevitable that the domestic and sheltered life, for which it was once needful and right to train the whole sex, should no longer be regarded as the only suitable sphere for women. It was to the credit of the insight and judgment of Mrs. Craik that she, thirty years ago, perceived the practical necessity for a new ideal and a wider training for women; though she did not grasp the reasons which necessitated the change. In her first chapter, she sacrificed to the Baal of conventionality by averring that "the extreme difficulty there always is in balancing Mrs. Smith's housekeeping-book, or Miss Smith's quarterly allowance," proved that women could never meet men in the business world; and that nobody, "after receiving a lady's letter on business," would wish (the *sequitur* is not clear; but the amiable intention to conciliate criticism is plain) to see "colleges thronged with girl graduates." But after offering this concession to custom, she became bold, and did frankly claim a business education, a definite employment, and an individual career in self-dependence for women. It was the book of a good woman; the writer was evidently a little weakly fearful of being thought too Radical, and more nobly fearful (as some good women are still) lest some of the more precious virtues and qualities of the gracious old ideal of womanhood should be dimmed or dropped in the development of new ideals of right and duty; but still, it was a book written by one seeing truth and stating it, and a book ensuring for its author a place amongst the women of this century who have sought to help their sex onward.

Gentlemen there are who are supposed to be interested in the higher education of women, and who yet protest that it is undesirable to raise the question of giving women who have earned honours at Cambridge University the right to wear their degrees. The women themselves are of a different opinion. A memorial is about to be presented to the Vice-Chancellor and Senate, asking for degrees to be conferred on women, and signed by over one hundred of the ex-students of the women's colleges, all of whom have passed the tripos examinations. The signatures include those of Miss Agneta Ramsay, who took the only classical honours in the first-class this year; Miss C. A. Scott, who was eighth wrangler in 1878; and Mrs. Corbett, Mrs. Scott, and Miss Lumsden, the three ladies who were the first to be admitted, in 1873, to examination on the same papers as were set to the male candidates for degrees.

Holloway College is on the point of being opened; I observe that its fees are to be about as high as those of Girton. I am glad to hear that there is to be a gymnasium at Holloway College, which has been fitted up by Herr Stempel, the well-known teacher of the Albany-street gymnasium. The fittings are, however, those chosen by the lady who will teach at the college, and who does not altogether accept Herr Stempel's plan of teaching his ladies' and gentlemen's classes on precisely an equal footing and with similar apparatus. This lady, Miss Snell, has been for some time the teacher of gymnastics to the female pupils at the Royal College of Music, where there is a large and well-appointed gymnasium. It is truly a hopeful fact that a gymnasium is now considered a necessity of such institutions as the Royal School of Music and Holloway College, and that intellectual and physical training are so being made to go together for women. It is much to be regretted that in many girls' high schools provisions for proper bodily exercise are entirely overlooked. Brain work emphatically needs to be balanced by muscular exercise if health is to be preserved. F. F. M.



1. (a) N'Goma-Bu-Yanol. (b) Native of Ushili. 2. Bangala woman. 3. On the Upper Congo, Chumblil. 4. Black wood pipes. 5. View to northeast from Imphila. 6. Men smoking chand-horn pipes. 7. N'Ganga Ma-nga. 8. Kuta Mumbala's house, Ushili. 9. A lady of Lower Congo. 10. Baobab tree, Quamouth. 11. Mangwa Bili, from N'Goma's town. 12. Mangwa Bili, from Kibangwanga, 4000 ft. high. 13. N'Goma Bili, Manyanga. 14. N'Goma's Ferry. 15. View from Ushili. 16. Looking across the Congo from Manyanga. 17. Opposite Ushili. 18. Various weapons, spears, &c., Upper Congo.

SKETCHES ON THE RIVER CONGO.

BY MR. HERBERT WARD, ONE OF MR. H. M. STANLEY'S COMPANIONS.

See page 469.

THE LATE LADY BRASSEY.

The death of this accomplished lady, whose narratives of the voyages in her husband's famous steam-yacht, the *Sunbeam*, have been read with lively interest by many thousands of people, is much regretted. She died at sea, in the Indian Ocean, on the voyage from Port Darwin, North Australia, which the *Sunbeam* had left seven days before, bound for Mauritius and the Cape of Good Hope. The *Sunbeam*, with Lord Brassey and his four children on board, arrived last week at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, from which the sad news was telegraphed to England. It was known in London on Wednesday week. Her Ladyship was daughter of the late Mr. John Allnutt, of Charles-street, Berkeley-square. In 1860 she was married to Mr. Thomas Brassey, M.P. for Hastings, who has long been known in political and official life. Mr. Brassey became Sir Thomas Brassey, K.C.B., in 1881, and in 1886 was created Baron Brassey. The late Lady Brassey was of an adventurous disposition, with a great desire for travel, both by land and sea. It was her custom to make copious notes of the principal incidents of her journeys, and of the impressions produced on her mind by what she had seen. Before the first voyage in the *Sunbeam*, Mr. and Mrs. Brassey had travelled in the east of Europe and in the United States. She printed, for private distribution only, "The Flight of the Meteor," an account of two cruises in the Mediterranean and travels in the East, and in 1872 she issued an account of "A Voyage in the Eothen," which described her trip to Canada and the United States. In 1876 Mr. and Mrs. Brassey undertook a voyage round the world in their yacht the *Sunbeam*. The account of this voyage, which occupied eleven months, was not originally intended for publication, but was compiled merely with a view to interest her father and her own home circle. The notes which afterwards took shape as a volume, were dispatched to England from time to time, from the ports at which the *Sunbeam* touched. Subsequently, copies were made for a few private friends; and, at length, the authoress was prevailed upon to publish the account of her voyage in book form, which she did in 1878. The work had an instant success, and in a very short time passed through four editions. An abridged edition appeared in 1879; an adaptation for school and class reading in 1880; and in 1881 Messrs. Longmans and Co. issued a complete edition at sixpence, in paper covers, which has had an immense circulation. In 1880, Mrs. Brassey wrote and published her "Sunshine and Storm in the East; or Cruise to Cyprus and Constantinople." A sumptuous edition of this work was issued with two maps and 114 illustrations, engraved by Mr. Pearson, chiefly from drawings by the Hon. A. Y. Bingham, with a cover from a design by Gustave Doré. In 1882, Captain Stuart-Wortley executed and published a series of photographs of "Tahiti," the descriptions being contributed by Lady Brassey. In the meantime, another cruise in the *Sunbeam*, between Madeira, the Azores, Halifax, Bermuda, and the West Indies, was made the subject of Lady Brassey's book entitled "In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties," which has, like the first "Voyage in the *Sunbeam*," obtained wide popularity in a cheap edition. In 1885 Sir Thomas and Lady Brassey were accompanied by Mr. Gladstone in a trip to the coast of Norway, during three weeks of August, an account of which, written by her Ladyship, appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for November in that year. Our readers will remember that, on Aug. 13 of the present year, the *Illustrated London News* had an Extra Supplement, containing Sketches taken by its own Artist on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's visit to Norway, with extracts from Lady Brassey's narrative. At the residence of Lord and Lady Brassey in Sussex, Normanhurst Castle, Battle, near Hastings, and in that town and neighbourhood, the deceased lady and her husband have earned the esteem of all classes by their benevolent aid to charitable and useful institutions. Her Ladyship took great interest in works of humanity, and was active in establishing centres of the St John Ambulance Association. In November, 1881, she was elected a Dame Chevalière of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. She was invested by the King of the Sandwich Islands with the Order of Kapiolani in recognition of her description of his kingdom and of the hospitality extended to him at Normanhurst Castle, in July, 1881.

Lord Brassey left England in the *Sunbeam* on Nov. 19 last year, and was joined by Lady Brassey at Bombay, whither her Ladyship had travelled by the mail-steamer, on Jan. 3. Lord and Lady Brassey's son and three daughters were also on board the yacht. Her Ladyship had been unwell for some time before she left this country, and it was hoped that a long voyage such as her Ladyship so much enjoyed would completely restore her. After a tour of six weeks through India, Lord and Lady Brassey embarked in the *Sunbeam* and proceeded to Ceylon, Rangoon, Moulmein, Singapore, British North Borneo, Macassar and thence to Albany in Western Australia, to Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Rockhampton, Cooktown, Thursday Island, and Port Darwin. We may hope that Lady Brassey's notes of this recent visit to the Australian colonies will have been left in a condition to be prepared for publication.

Our Portrait of Lady Brassey is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company. We reproduce from "A Voyage in the *Sunbeam*" the engravings of that celebrated yacht, and of the interior of the cabin, with Lady Brassey seated there writing her journal; also, that of an incident of her visit to Japan, when she was conveyed in a "jinriki-sha"; and a View of Normanhurst.

NATIONAL CONCERT HALL.

We are glad to hear that London is at last likely to have a suitable concert hall, capable of seating an audience of 4500, with ample orchestral accommodation for 700 performers. For some time past several gentlemen well known in the commercial and musical world have been endeavouring to form a limited liability company to carry out this desirable undertaking, with a powerful board of directors and most of the capital is provided for. The freehold site which they have acquired stands unrivalled for accessibility. It is close to the Victoria Railway Station, with which it will be connected by a subway, and is within five minutes' drive of Hyde Park-corner, Belgraveia and other fashionable districts being immediately adjoining. The Metropolitan and District Railways (from which trains run every three minutes all round London), the London, Chatham, and Dover the Brighton Railway, and numerous branch lines from the west, north-west, south-west, and other districts south of the Thames, all converge to this point; and it is unusually well situated for carriages taking up and setting down. In addition to the great hall there will be a minor hall or ball-room, with a large and handsome restaurant adjoining. We understand that the building is to be commenced forthwith.

On Tuesday the Harveian Oration for the year 1887 was given before the members of the College of Physicians by Dr. Stone, the censor of the college. The chair was occupied by Sir William Jenner, president of the institution. After the oration the Baly gold medal was presented by the president to the successful competitor, Dr. David Ferrier.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
G. CARTER.—No. 1 is a very fair problem, but the sacrifice would be the first thing thought of. Your other diagram admits of two other solutions besides your own, by 1. Q to B 4th, and 1. Kt to K 2nd, &c.
J. S. LOGAN (Natal).—I shall be glad to receive the paper you mention. Solutions correct.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2269 received from H. G. King, J. D. Tucker, R. F. N. Banks, G. Carter, and L. Coad.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2270 received from R. F. N. Banks, W. Biddle, W. R. Baildon, Ben Nevis, Otto F. R. Worters, J. Bryden, H. Lucas, North-Bac, E. L. London, W. S. Martin, Major Prichard, L. Desanges, T. Roberts, T. G. (Ware), E. E. H. L. Sharswood, Jupiter Junior, W. Hillier, S. Bullen, W. S. Harris, A. C. Hunt, and G. W. Law.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2269.

WHITE.

1. B to Q 8th
2. Q to Q 4th (ch)
3. Mates accordingly.

BLACK.

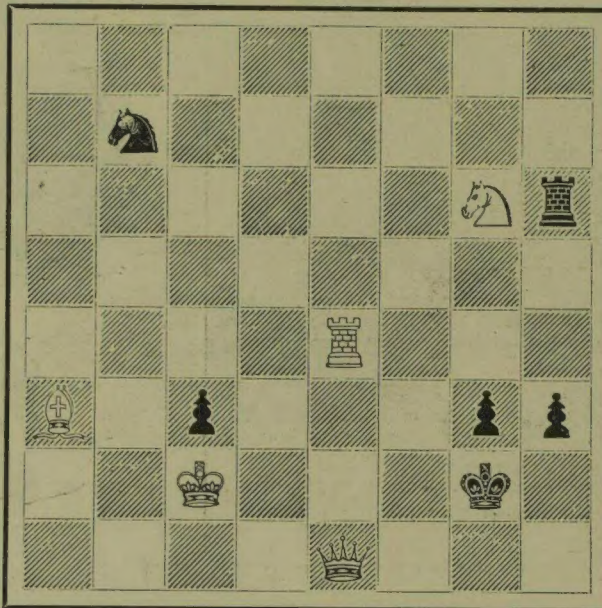
1. Kt to Q B 6th
2. K takes Q

NOTE.—If 1. Kt to Q 7th, White continues with 2. Q takes P (ch); if 1. P takes P, then 2. Q to R 7th (ch); if 1. P to Q 4th, then 2. B to K 7th (ch); if 1. P to R 4th, then 2. B takes P; and if 1. P to R 7th, then 2. K to Kt 7th, mating in each case on the following move.

PROBLEM No. 2272.

By J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Game played in the International Correspondence Tourney, organised by Mr. G. B. Fraser, of Dundee, between Mr. J. D. CHAMBERS, of Glasgow, and Mr. MONCK, of Dublin. The notes are by Mr. Chambers.

(Ruy Lopez.)

- | | | | |
|------------------|----------------|-----------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. C.) | BLACK (Mr. M.) | WHITE (Mr. C.) | BLACK (Mr. M.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 19. Kt to B 3rd | P to K Kt 4th |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 20. B to K 3rd | P to K B 3rd |
| 3. B to Kt 5th | P to Q R 3rd | 21. Q to Q 2nd | R to Q R 2nd |
| 4. B to R 4th | Kt to K B 3rd | | |
| 5. Castles | Kt takes K P | | |
| 6. P to Q 4th | | | |
| | | | |
| 7. B to Kt 3rd | P to Kt 4th | | |
| 8. P takes P | P to Q 4th | | |
| 9. P to Q B 3rd | B to K 3rd | | |
| 10. B to K B 4th | B to K 2nd | | |
| 11. Kt to Q 4th | Castles | | |
| 12. P takes Kt | Kt takes Kt | | |

Up to this point the moves are identical with those of the third game in the match between Messrs. Blackburne and Zukertort.

Black here makes a big jump off the main road, which involves him in difficulties immediately. In the match-game referred to, Zukertort played 12. P to K B 3rd, a move that is preferable to the move in the text.

13. P to K B 3rd Kt to Kt 4th

13. P takes P looks better, for when White plays 14. P takes Kt, Black replies 14. P takes P, with two strong centre Pawns for the lost piece.

- | | |
|------------------|------------------|
| 14. P to K R 4th | Kt to R 6th (ch) |
| 15. P takes Kt | Q B takes P |
| 16. R to B 2nd | P to Q B 5th |
| 17. B to B 2nd | K B takes P |
| 18. R to R 2nd | B to K 3rd |

We note with pleasure that a movement is on foot to present Mr. Macdonnell, perhaps more widely known as the genial "Mars," with a testimonial, testifying to the esteem in which he is held in metropolitan chess circles. No man has done more for the spread of chess in late years than Mr. Macdonnell, and we trust those to whose entertainment and instruction he has devoted so many years will hasten to send their subscriptions to the treasurer of the fund at the British Chess Club.

Mr. H. E. Bird, who is giving exhibitions of simultaneous chess in our northern cities, sends us his score at Sunderland. He won fifty-nine games, lost four, and drew seven. A truly remarkable display of chess power.

The match between Blackburne and Gunsberg now stands adjourned, owing to Mr. Blackburne's indisposition. The twelve games played at Bradford resulted in Gunsberg winning four, Blackburne two, drawn six.

At the annual general meeting of the Athenaeum Chess Club Mr. H. W. Peachey was elected honorary secretary, in the place of Mr. H. A. Schlesinger, who did not offer himself for re-election.

Colonel Alexander Tulloch, C.B., of the Welsh Regiment, has been appointed to the command of the Cairo Brigade of the Army of Occupation in Egypt.

A large pearl, weighing 62 grains, and valued at £800, was, according to the *Melbourne Argus*, lately found on the Ninety-Mile Beach, West Australia, by Mr. G. Roe.

Lord Euston having been appointed by the Prince of Wales to succeed the Duke of Manchester as Grand Master of the province of Northamptonshire and Huntingdonshire, he was installed on Monday at a masonic ceremony marked by exceptional éclat.

Tuesday's *Gazette* gives notice that, by virtue of treaties concluded within the last three months, the territories in West Africa, on the line of coast between the British Protectorate of Lagos and the right bank of the mouth of the Rio del Rey, as well as the territories in the basin of the Niger belonging to the Royal Niger Company, are under British protection.

The Cheshire Dairy Show was opened on Tuesday at Chester. There was a magnificent exhibition of Cheshire cheese, numbering 118 entries, and a total of 978 cheeses. The butter entries were not quite so numerous as at the last show. Princess Mary Adelaide presented the prizes to the successful competitors. She was accompanied by the Duke of Teck, Princess Victoria of Teck, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, and a distinguished party from Eaton. The premier award for cheese, open to the United Kingdom, was gained by Mr. John Mullock, of Poulton, to whom was also awarded the first prize in the farmers' class and the gold medal for the best cheese in the show.

OBITUARY.

SIR T. G. BRIGGS, BART.

Sir Thomas Graham Briggs, Bart., M.A., of Farley Hill, West Indies, J.P., died on the 11th inst. He was born Sept. 30, 1833, the only child of the late Colonel Joseph Lyder Briggs, of Barbadoes, and was educated at Coddington College in that island and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1856. He was a considerable landed proprietor in Barbadoes, one of H.M. Council, and a member of the Federal Council of the Leeward Isles. A baronetcy was conferred on him, Nov. 27, 1871; but, as the grantee had no child, it now becomes extinct. Sir Graham married, June 9, 1857, Mary Jane, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Carlton Howell, Treasurer of Barbadoes.

MR. R. HUNT.

Mr. Robert Hunt, F.R.S., died on the 17th inst. at his residence in London. He was born in 1807, at Devonport; was the Keeper of Mining Records at the Museum of Practical Geology; and was the first-appointed Professor of Mechanical Science to the Government School of Mines. He was best known by his work on "Photography," published in 1842; "Researches on Light," "The Poetry of Science," and "Panthea; or, the Spirit of Nature," 1849; "Elementary Physics," 1851; and "Manual of Photography" (seventh edition), 1857; and was the editor of three editions of "Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines." Mr. Hunt was appointed, in 1866, one of the Royal Commissioners to inquire into the quantity of coal remaining unworked in the British coal-fields; and, in 1884, he published a comprehensive work on "British Mining."

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lady Brassey and Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulock), Portraits of whom are given in this week's Number.

Colonel William Campbell, on the 7th inst., aged fifty-five. He served in the Crimea, at the siege and fall of Sebastopol and in the expedition to Kerch.

General Charles Henry Morris, R.A. after a long illness, on the 12th inst., at his residence in Portugal-street, Grosvenor-square, in his sixtieth year.

The Rev. Edward Garbett, M.A., Hon. Canon of Winchester Cathedral, formerly Vicar of Christ Church, Surbiton, Bampton Lecturer at Oxford in 1867, and, finally, Rector of Barcombe, Sussex, on the 10th inst.

Mr. John Oxley Parker, of Woodham Mortimer, near Maldon, J.P. and D.L., a partner in the banking firm of Sparrow, Tufnell, Parker, and Woodhouse, and chairman of the directors of the Essex and Suffolk Equitable Fire Office, on the 8th inst., aged seventy-five. He was High Sheriff of Essex in 1883.

Mr. B. P. Rooke, M.D., a Member of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, Honorary Physician to the Queen, on the 8th inst., aged eighty-six. He entered the Bombay Establishment in 1826, and retired in 1862 as Principal Inspector-General of Hospitals. He served through the Afghan War, 1838-39, and was present at the siege of Ghuznee, for which he had a medal.

Captain the Hon. Frederick William Charteris, R.N., brother of the Earl of Wemyss and the Countess of Warwick, on the 10th inst., at Westgate-on-Sea. He was born in 1833, and was on the retired list of Captains in the Royal Navy. In 1864 he married Lady Louisa Keppel, third daughter of George, sixth Earl of Albemarle, and by her, who survives him, he leaves two sons and a daughter.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CAT SHOW.

The nineteenth annual show of cats at the Crystal Palace was held on Tuesday and Wednesday. It was the largest yet seen, comprising many varieties—short-haired, long-haired, tortoiseshells, brown, blue, red, silver, and spotted tabby, pure blacks and whites, Chinchillas, and Manx—in all 429 entries, arranged in fifty-two classes. The judges—Mr. Harrison Weir, Mr. J. Jenner Weir, and Mr. George Billet—awarded the prizes, including sixteen extra special prizes presented by the Crystal Palace Company and Mrs. Charles Langton. Nine silver medals and two silver tea-services, besides many money prizes, were offered for competition. Mr. Standen's Tibby, aged one year and three months, carried off the prize for the best short-haired cat, irrespective of class. Mr. A. A. Clarke's snow-white Persian, Major, winner of the first prize at the Alexandra Palace this year, gained the prize in the group of long-haired cats. A silver medal was awarded for the pair of kittens—Chinchillas, or more properly Silver Persians—Chloe and Dinah, shown by Miss Florence Moore. These are pedigree kittens, their father being Mrs. Vallance's celebrated prize-winner, Fluffy II. The other special prizes fell to Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Goss, Mrs. Tongue, and Messrs. James Ware, K. Hutchinson, M. Young, and G. Mowser.

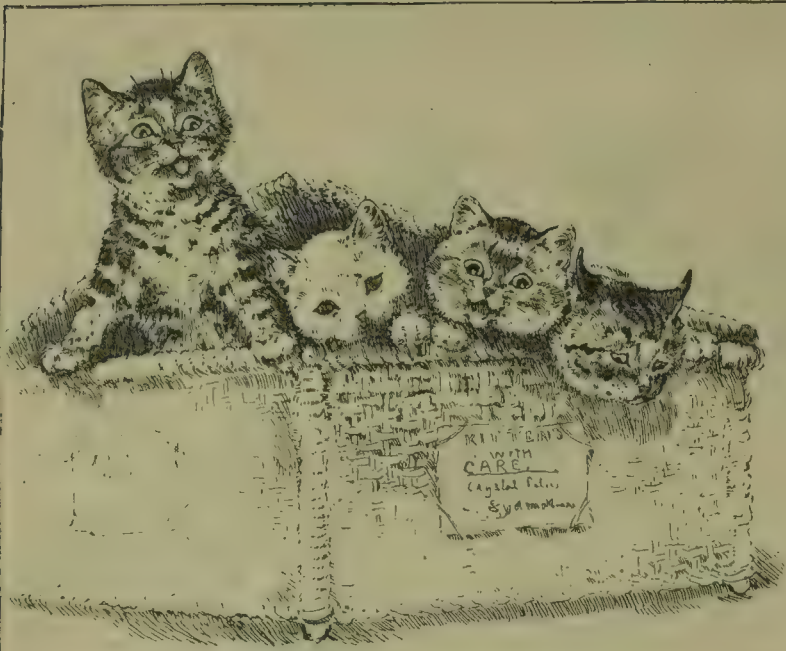
On Tuesday the opening address of the winter session of the University of Edinburgh was delivered in the United Presbyterian Synod Hall, Castle-terrace, by Principal Sir William Muir, K.C.S.I. There was a large attendance.

In connection with the secret naval and military operations at Portsmouth, Captain Long on Tuesday night made an attack upon Langston Harbour with a powerful flotilla of gun-boats and torpedo-vessels, and was repulsed after a vigorous engagement.

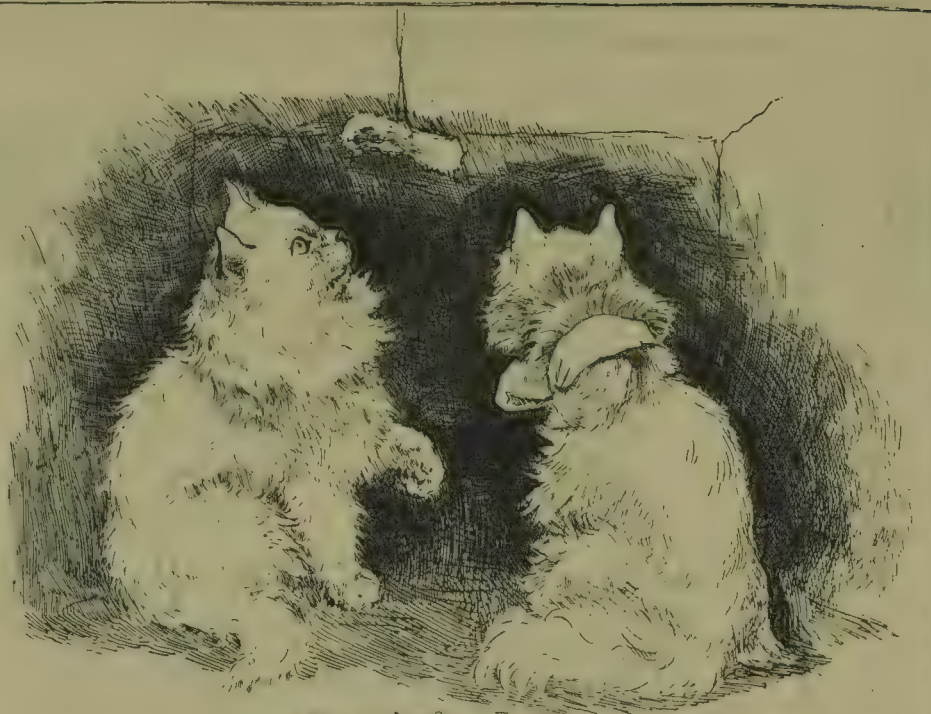
After a long discussion, the Edinburgh Town Council on Monday approved, on the recommendation of the Lord Provost's Committee, a draught agreement with the Edinburgh Gas Company for the purchase of the gas undertaking, the cost of which will be £600,000.

An old widow, named Nanny Blain, who has received parochial relief for the last twenty years, was buried at the expense of the parish of Garliestown, Wigtownshire, a few days ago. More than £100 in notes, some of them issued forty years ago, have since been found in her bed, and about £250 in silver was discovered, sewed in a pillow of the old lady's bed.

In London last week 2358 births and 1351 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 355 and the deaths 169 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 14 from measles, 50 from scarlet fever, 22 from diphtheria, 27 from whooping-cough, 17 from enteric fever, 24 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from smallpox, typhus, ill-defined forms of continued fever, or cholera. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had ranged in the four preceding weeks from 142 to 219, further rose last week to 289, but were 9 below the corrected weekly average. Different forms of violence caused 58 deaths: 50 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 18 from fractures and contusions, 9 from burns and scalds, 5 from drowning, and 13 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Eight cases of suicide were registered.



Early Arrivals.



A Plaything.



The Children's Pets.



Disputing Claimants.



Escaped.



Going Home.



A Prize winner.

Louis Wain.

In the cabin of the Sunbeam.

Lady Brassey.

Normanhurst, the seat of Lord Brassey.



The yacht Sunbeam.

Lady Brassey in Japan.

THE LATE LADY BRASSEY.



GRAND DURBAR AT MANDALAY, THE FIRST SINCE THE ANNEXATION OF BURMAH.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT OF BURMAH.

Our Illustration of the first Grand Durbar, or ceremonial reception, held by the Chief Commissioner of Burma, on Aug. 5, in the eastern audience-hall of the Palace of Mandalay, has some historical interest. The manner in which the new British ruling authority has been introduced, since the annexation of King Theebaw's former dominions to the Indian Empire, should be recalled to mind. The first step was to proclaim the Queen's rule in the conquered territories, January, 1886. The next was to place them under the Chief Commissioner of Lower Burma. From March 1, 1886, Upper Burma, with the exception of the Shan States, was constituted a scheduled district under the statute 33 Vict., cap. 3. The legislative power became thereby vested in the Governor-General in Council. The administrative duties were vested in the Chief Commissioner as his representative; and the Hloetdaw, or Native Council of Ministers, ceased to exercise executive functions. The Chief Commissioner of Burma, as now reconstituted, has to deal with three regions. First, the southern valleys of the Irrawaddy and coast strip, ceded or annexed in 1826 and 1852, known as Lower Burma, and aggregating about 90,000 square miles. Second, the central valley of the Irrawaddy, known as Upper Burma, annexed in 1886, and covering about 100,000 square miles. Third, the mountainous tracts and plateaux which, under the general name of the Shan States, separate Upper Burma from China and Siam, and which are estimated at another 100,000 square miles. This

group of Shan States will continue to be administered by their native chiefs so long as they keep the peace among themselves and on our border, pay a moderate tribute in return for the abolition of the import and transport duties formerly levied on merchandise brought into Upper Burma, and aid in opening and maintaining trade routes to China and the East. Our dealings with the Shan States will, therefore, be of a political, rather than of an administrative, character. The rest of the territory described, comprising the central and lower valleys of the Irrawaddy and the coast strip, aggregating over 190,000 square miles, is being welded together into a British province under the direct administration of the Chief Commissioner of Burma. The area of this province, apart from the Shan States, equals the total of England, Scotland, Ireland, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, and Greece.

Lower Burma had been partitioned into four administrative divisions each under a Commissioner, and twenty districts each under a Deputy-Commissioner. In like manner Upper Burma was partitioned into four divisions each under a Commissioner, and seventeen districts each under a Deputy-Commissioner. Advantage was taken as far as possible of the old Burmese civil divisions of the country in forming the new British districts. The ordinary European staff for each of the new British districts will probably be a Deputy-Commissioner with an assistant, and a superintendent of police with an assistant; in some cases two Assistant-Commissioners. Roughly speaking, the administrative staff of the seventeen new districts may eventually be put down at seventy Englishmen,

besides a small number of English surgeons, and of European engineers on the railways and public works throughout the new province. The Chief Commissioner has at his disposal an admirably equipped force of troops and police, aggregating 53,162 officers and men. Of these, nearly 40,000 are stationed in Upper Burma—namely, over 23,000 troops and 16,000 military police. But of these 40,000, the British troops number only a little over 4000, so that nearly nine-tenths of the force by which the country has been reduced to order consists of natives of India and Burma. The police have done excellent service. At present three quarters of them are derived from the races of northern India; but the Burmese will be increased.

The Chief Commissioner, sitting at the Durbar, has General Wolseley, commanding the garrison of Mandalay, seated on his right hand, and Mr. Burgess, Commissioner, on his left; while Mr. Donald Smeaton, Chief Secretary, stands on the steps reading his Excellency's Address. A translation of it, in the Burmese language, is held and read at the same time by the Thandawzin, or herald; the native who is kneeling in front of the steps. The native gentleman sitting in a chair, to the right, is the Kin-wun Mingyi, late Chief Minister to King Theebaw; and the one in a chair to the left is the Tang-wun Mingyi, another of the former Ministers. The Chief Commissioner invested the Kin-wun Mingyi with the Order of the Star of India, and conferred that of the Indian Empire on U-pe-si, the Myowun of Mandalay, as tokens of approval of their loyal conduct. Mr. Bridges, the Magistrate of Mandalay, is represented standing by the pillar to the right hand.

BIRTH.

At St. Leonards, on the 16th inst., the wife of Major F. H. Blanshard, Bo. S.C., of a son.
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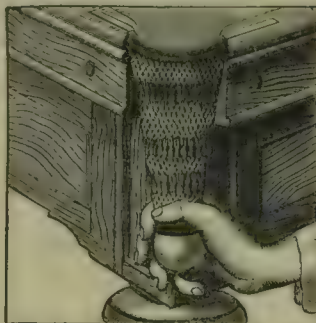
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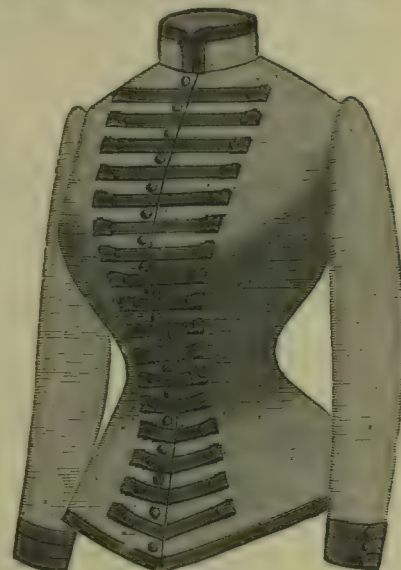
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DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE.

Out of the house, and into the open, quivering, bleeding, and staggering blindly.

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIFF," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PHOEBE IS STILL FURTHER ENTRAPPED.

When Phoebe recovered her senses she found herself in her bed-room, with Mrs. Pamflett in attendance upon her. She was so dazed and confused that for a few minutes she could not recall what had transpired, but presently she remembered, and she burst into tears.

"There, there!" said Mrs. Pamflett, smoothing the young girl's hair with her hand. "Don't take on so! Everything will come right, and you will soon be as happy as a bird."

Surprised at Mrs. Pamflett's tender tone and gentle manner Phoebe dried her eyes and gazed upon her father's housekeeper.

"Then they are still here?" said Phoebe.

"Who, my pet?" asked Mrs. Pamflett.

"My aunt and—Mr. Cornwall."

"No," replied Mrs. Pamflett, still speaking with tenderness, "they have gone; and it is to be hoped that they will never come back."

"Gone!" exclaimed Phoebe. "They will never come back!"

"If they do," said Mrs. Pamflett, hovering officiously about Phoebe, "it will be worse for them. They have been found out at last. You have had a narrow escape. While you were lying in a fainting condition on the ground your father unmasked them, and compelled them to confess that all their pretended kindness to you was done to wring money out of him, only because they thought he was rich. He is rich, my pet, and can make a lady of you; and so can Jeremiah, who is dying of love for you, and who is the cleverest man and the

finest gentleman in England. We shall all be as happy as the day is long, and you will bring comfort to your father, who is suffering a martyrdom, and who has the first claim on your heart. Yes, my pet; you have had a narrow escape—a narrow escape! I shall give thanks for it before I go to bed to-night."

Phoebe fixed her clear, honest eyes upon the white face of Mrs. Pamflett, who made an impotent attempt to return the gaze with equal frankness.

"I remember everything now," said Phoebe, in a tone of forced calmness. "My father turned my dear friends out of the house!"

"He did turn them away. But to call them your dear friends after what they said!—Phoebe, Phoebe, you are too simple and confiding. You should be angry; you should cast them off, as your father has done."

"After what they said! What did they say? I heard not a word which they should not have spoken."

"That was their artfulness and wickedness. They have been playing upon you all through. It was while you were unconscious and could not hear what was spoken that your false aunt, Mrs. Lethbridge—"

"Stop!" cried Phoebe, "I will not hear her called so. If you wish to tell me anything that passed after I fainted you can do so, but I will not listen to you if you speak against those I love."

"You will not love them long," said Mrs. Pamflett, composedly, "if you have a daughter's feelings. Your aunt confessed to your father that the reason she had welcomed you at her house was because she looked for a proper return in money from him. Why, my pet?"

"Mrs. Pamflett!" cried Phoebe, interrupting her again.

"Yes, pet!"

"You have never used that term of endearment to me before," said Phoebe, resolutely, "and I should prefer you would not do so now."

"You would prefer!" exclaimed Mrs. Pamflett softly, but the artificial crust of tenderness was beginning to be broken

by her true deceitful nature. "But then you are only a child—your father's daughter, who has authority over you. You may not quite know what is good for you. And so, pet, your aunt confessed the whole plot. Would you be surprised to hear that she has kept an account of everything she has done for you, of every meal you have eaten, of every night you have slept at her house, and that she is going to send it in to your father?"

"I should be very much surprised," said Phoebe.

"You will find it true. Oh, the artfulness, the deceitfulness of women! Men are almost as bad—at least some of them are. There are exceptions. Jeremiah is one: the soul of truth and honour; and as for cleverness, there's no saying how clever he is. Said your father to that scheming lawyer, Mr. Cornwall, who has been playing upon your feelings, and who is employed by your aunt to ruin us all—said your father to him, while you were lying on the ground, 'There is my daughter. You have come to ask my consent to her marriage with you. You are free to take her; but, knowing what you are, I will not give you one penny of my money with her!' 'What!' cried the lawyer, 'not one penny?' 'Not one penny,' said your father. 'If you love her, as you say you do, for herself alone, there she is; but neither now nor at any time, before or after my death, shall one penny of my hard-earned money go into your pocket.' 'In that case,' said the fine lawyer, 'I will have nothing to do with her.' Then your father burst into a passion, and I am certain that if he had been a younger man he would have struck Mr. Cornwall to the earth. Jeremiah started forward to do it, but your father laid hold of him, and told him not to soil his fingers by touching such a reptile. It was as much as he could do to prevent my Jeremiah from thrashing the villain who wanted to get you in his toils. Then your father ordered your aunt and her lawyer friend out of the house, and warned them never to show their faces here again."

"You forget," said Phoebe, "my father did that in my hearing."

"And he repeated it afterwards. They were glad enough to get away, my pet, and I hope that they will never annoy you again."

"Suppose, Mrs. Pamflett," said Phœbe, "that I were to write to my aunt all you have told me?"

"You are quite welcome to do so, pet. Of course she will deny it, and will invent another story to try and set herself right in your eyes. It is just on the cards, though, that she may brazen it out and admit the truth. It is a dreadful thing when one is exposed as she has been."

"Yes; it is hard to be found out," said Phœbe. "Mrs. Pamflett, I should like to be alone for a little while."

"Very well, pet. I will go; but you have only to call, and I will come immediately. I am more than your friend—I am your faithful servant. I will guard you like a mother. From this day no harm shall come to you."

She turned to go, and, standing by the door, said,

"Your father wishes to see you, pet."

"I will go to him presently," said Phœbe.

Outside the door, Mrs. Pamflett's face underwent a change, and showed itself in its true colours. Her thought was, "Is she trying to hoodwink me, that she did not fly into a passion? What has come over her? Let her be careful—let her be careful! I can make life a torture for her!"

Phœbe, indeed, was surprised at herself, and wondered how it was that she had had strength to meet Mrs. Pamflett's lies in the way she did. She well knew that they were the basest of calumnies, and she received them as such. Though all the world rose up against her dear Aunt Leth, she would remain that dear woman's champion. And Fred—her own true lover—that Mrs. Pamflett should for a moment expect her to believe the false story she had invented! The fact was, Mrs. Pamflett had overreached herself. Like a great number of less skilful artists, she had laid on the colours too thick. Had she been more delicate, she might have had a greater chance of success. And yet that was scarcely likely with a girl like Phœbe, the strength of whose nature appeared to have been, as it were, latent within her until the occurrence of this crisis in her young life. She did not quite realise what it meant to her; but for the present the spirit required to meet an enemy like Mrs. Pamflett had a healthy effect upon her; it had aroused her from despondency; that, and her love for Fred, and her faith in Aunt Leth, had given her strength to listen with outward calmness to Mrs. Pamflett's fabrications. If trouble were before her, she would meet it bravely. Fred would be true to her, and she would be true to him. Aunt and Uncle Leth and her cousins would not forget her—would always love her. Her father and Mrs. Pamflett could not force her into a marriage with a man she abhorred. "Be brave, Phœbe; be brave," she whispered to herself as she walked to her father's room, "for the sake of those who love you truly."

Jeremiah Pamflett was in the miser's room when Phœbe entered. Miser Farebrother looked very ill; his face was white and pinched, his lips were drawn in. Phœbe's heart sank, and a feeling of remorse shot through her as she gazed upon his suffering face. She was his daughter—his only child; and he had a claim upon her love and obedience. Was it not her dear Aunt Leth who had said as much? She knew that this plain setting forth of a child's duty to her parents was no false declaration; it was her aunt's belief. Well; she would perform her duty to the uttermost of her strength; but to one thing she was resolved.

"Sit here," said Miser Farebrother. Phœbe took the chair he indicated; it was between him and Jeremiah Pamflett, and as she passed her enemy she drew herself carefully from him. He noted this avoidance, but made no comment upon it. At present his case was in his master's hands. "You are well?" asked Miser Farebrother.

"Not quite well, father," said Phœbe.

"But well enough," he retorted. "You have a long life before you. Look at me. How long do you think I shall live?"

"Many years, I hope, father."

"We shall see whether you do hope it. It must be plain to you that I am ill—seriously ill."

"I am very sorry, father."

"We shall see whether you are sorry. What is a man to believe in? Words? No. Actions speak, not words. False sympathy, lying protestations—what are they worth? Those who use them ought to be trodden in the mud. You hope I shall live many years. We shall see. I have not long to live, I tell you; but you can hasten my death; you can murder me!"

"Father!" cried Phœbe, in terror. "Murder you!"

"Murder me. You can do it! If I were to implore you to spare me—to let me live, would you grant my prayer, or would you carry out your wicked designs? We shall see—we shall see. You perceive that I am suffering, and you say you are sorry. We shall see. Your dead mother knows how far you are speaking the truth; I do not—as yet. It has to be made clear to me. You are my daughter, are you not?"

"Yes, father."

"What kind of love have you given me? what kind of care have you bestowed upon me? For years I have been groaning and suffering here, and you—what have you been doing? Have you attended to me, have you nursed me, have you shown one spark of a daughter's proper feelings? No, not one—not one. Gadding about, going to theatres, dancing, making light friends, laughing, singing, ministering to your vanities, while I, your father, have lain here, cut to the soul by your coldness and want of decent feeling. If it was not in you, you might have pretended it was, and I should have been deceived. It would have made it no better for you, but it might have been better for me. You know that I have a doctor attending me?"

"Yes, father."

"Have you ever asked him how I was—have you ever shown, in a single conversation with him, that you have within you those solicitous feelings which a daughter should have for a suffering father? Have you ever shown?" He did not proceed. He lay back, panting, in his chair, and Jeremiah, without looking up, thought, "What an actor he is! Oh, what an actor he is!"

"Father," said Phœbe, in deep distress, "you do me an injustice. It has always been my wish to attend to you, to nurse you, but you would never allow me. Let me alone, let me alone!" you said, and have always repulsed me."

"Why, why?" he asked, raising himself in his chair, and bending so excitedly forward that she was frightened, and cried: "Don't excite yourself, father; you are not strong enough to bear it."

"I know I am not. You know it, too. It is not I who am exciting myself—it is you, because you wish to kill me!" She shuddered violently, and covered her face with her hands. "Why, when you have asked me whether you could do anything for me, have I desired you to let me alone? Because I could see plainly that you wished not to be troubled about me; that you were pretending—that you were wholly false in your advances. There are a thousand things a child can do for a parent in my condition which would bring pleasure to him. Have you done one? That I am impatient, querulous, quick-tempered—is not that natural when one is in anguish

day and night? Did you ever give that a thought—do you give it a thought now?"

"Father," said poor Phœbe, feeling acutely the bitter injustice of her father's accusations, and yet not knowing how to combat them without plunging him into deeper excitement, "I will nurse you if you will allow me; I will do everything in my power to restore you to health. Try me, father!"

"You do not intend to leave Parkside, then, without my permission?"

"To leave Parkside without your permission!" she echoed.

"No, father!"

"For the few weeks that remain to me you will not leave the house? You will nurse me—you will soothe my last hours?"

"Oh, father, do not speak like that! I will do all you wish."

"Out of your own loving heart?"

"Yes, father, out of my own loving heart!"

"Swear it," he cried, in a loud, commanding tone, pushing his dead wife's prayer-book to the guileless girl. "Kiss your mother's prayer-book, and prove to me whether you are lying or speaking the truth!"

In an impulse of fervour and self-reproach she kissed the prayer-book. He took it from her hands.

"You are a witness, Jeremiah," he said.

"I am a witness, Sir," said Jeremiah.

"You have sworn," said Miser Farebrother to his daughter, "that you will not leave Parkside while I live, unless I drive you forth—that is your oath?"

"Yes, father." But she said it with a sinking heart. It seemed to her as if a net were being spread around her, from which it was impossible to escape.

In her bed that night this impression of a forced, inexorable imprisonment became accentuated by a review of what had passed between herself and her father. For what other reason had he made her swear upon her dead mother's prayer-book that she would not leave Parkside without his permission? Could he not have taken her word? Was she to regard all that he had said as of equal value with Mrs. Pamflett's false statements? Were they all leagued against her—and what would be the end of the plot? Could they now compel her to marry Jeremiah Pamflett? No; she would endure a thousand deaths first. But she was imprisoned here in Parkside; she had no longer a will of her own. Her father had turned her only friends from his house, and he and they were the bitterest enemies; he had turned her lover from his house; she was cut off from all she held dear, and was here, unprotected, at the mercy of Mrs. Pamflett and her son, and of her father, whose inexplicable behaviour towards her afflicted her with shuddering doubts. Had she been aware of what transpired between her Aunt Leth and her father after she had fainted in the earlier part of the day, she would not so readily have fallen into the trap her father had set for her.

When she fell to the ground Aunt Leth and Fred Cornwall started forward with sympathising eagerness to assist her, but they were motioned sternly back by Miser Farebrother.

"I have ordered you to leave my house," he said. "I can attend to my daughter."

Sadly they turned to the door, but Aunt Leth came swiftly back.

"Listen to me, my dead sister's husband," she said, in a quick, trembling voice. "At my sister's death-bed, in this very room, I promised her to look after her child, my poor niece lying here at our feet, as tenderly as though she were one of my own. I love her as my own child, and I shall redeem my promise to my dead sister. This person"—she pointed to Jeremiah Pamflett—"to whom you say you have promised your daughter's hand, is utterly unworthy of her. She loves an honourable gentleman, and what I can do to bring about her happiness shall be done. If you have a plot against her welfare I will endeavour to circumvent it. My heart and the hearts of my husband and children are ever open to her. Our home is hers; she can come to us at any moment, and we will receive her with joy. In this house there was never for her, nor for her dead mother, the slightest sign of love."

"My daughter has told you so?" demanded Miser Farebrother.

"She has not told me so," said the indignant woman. "She has always spoken of you with tenderness and gentleness. You know best how you deserved it at her hands. If she cannot find love and protection here, she can find them with me and mine." She knelt and kissed Phœbe's pale face. "My sweet child! so happy but an hour ago! Come to me if they oppress you here—my child! my daughter!"

"Bundle them out," cried Miser Farebrother, "neck and crop!"

They had no right to stay, and they left the place mournfully.

"Do not be false to Phœbe," said Aunt Leth to Fred.

"No need to say that to me, Aunt Leth," said the young fellow. "Phœbe, and no other woman, shall be my wife."

This encounter it was between Aunt Leth and Miser Farebrother which had caused the miser to extract a binding oath from Phœbe that she would not leave Parkside without his permission.

"How was that done, Jeremiah?" he asked, when his daughter left the room.

"Capitally! capitally, Sir!" said Jeremiah. "What an actor you would have made!"

"Perhaps—perhaps," said Miser Farebrother, with a sneer, "I am not half so ill as I look, Jeremiah. Don't reckon too soon upon my death. Excitement like this does me a power of good. They came to trap me, my fine lawyer and tearful sister-in-law; but I have turned the tables upon them. As I will upon every one"—with a keen look at Jeremiah—"who dares to play me false!"

It was fortunate for the miser that his managing clerk did not possess the power of striking a man dead by a glance; if he had, that moment would have been Miser Farebrother's last.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

From that day Phœbe's life in Parkside was, as Mrs. Pamflett had threatened, a torture, and had it not been that she was endowed with a certain reserved strength which lies latent in many gentle natures until a supreme occasion calls it forth, it is likely she could not have lived through the next three or four months. One day her father summoned her:

"It is time now," he said, "that our plans for your future should be finally settled. I have already waited too long."

Phœbe knew what was coming, and, though she dreaded it, she had nerved herself to meet it.

"Cannot things remain as they are?" she asked.

It was impossible for her to speak with any show of affection. She had discovered that her father's wish that she should be his nurse was a mere pretence. Believing in it, she had endeavoured to carry it out and to perform her duty; but the stern repulses she met with had convinced her that she had been deceived and betrayed. The oaths she had sworn were binding upon her; she knew that she could not escape from them, and that her life's happiness was blasted; but she

resolved not to be beguiled by any further treachery. So she suffered in silence, and with some fortitude, praying for strength, and in some small degree finding it; but she was growing daily thinner and paler, and sometimes an impression stole upon her that her life was slowly ebbing away. "It will be better that I should die," she thought; "then I shall see my mother, and my torture will be at an end."

It was a torture subtly carried out. Phœbe had gauged Mrs. Pamflett, and had rejected with quiet scorn all attempts at an affectionate intimacy. Mrs. Pamflett repaid her with interest.

"When you are my son's wife," she said, "you will be more tractable; you will know me better, and you will love me."

"I shall never know you better," Phœbe replied, "and I shall never love you."

"Proud spirits can be broken," said Mrs. Pamflett.

"Yes," sighed Phœbe; "but I am not proud—I am only faithful; and, perhaps, I shall soon die!"

"You will be no loss," said Mrs. Pamflett; "but before you die you will be my daughter-in-law."

At this period Miser Farebrother had not spoken to Phœbe about Jeremiah; he had left it to the young villain to make his way, and, indeed, Jeremiah had attempted to do so. But Phœbe utterly baffled him. He brought her flowers, and at her father's command she received them from his hands. An hour afterwards he saw them lying on the floor or in the grounds, where she had dropped or thrown them. He arrayed himself in new suits of clothes and laid himself out for admiration which she never bestowed upon him. He strove to draw her into conversation, and if he managed to extract a word from her, it was but a word—often not even that; a look of scorn and contempt was then his reward. At meals his offers of small courtesies were disregarded. By her father's order she sat at the head of the breakfast and tea table, but she would never pass Jeremiah's cup nor accept it from him. His mean nature resented this treatment in mean ways, and after a while he indulged in sarcasms, speaking at her instead of to her; this change passed unnoticed by her; she might have been deaf and blind to everything he said and did. Two or three weeks after the visit of her aunt and Fred Cornwall to Parkside, Phœbe went to her father with a letter.

"I wish to post this letter," she said. "May I do so?"

"You have sworn not to leave Parkside without my permission," he replied. "I will not allow you to go to the village."

"I had no intention of going without your permission," she said.

He kept her so strictly to her oath, that she was virtually a prisoner in Parkside.

"I will have the letter posted for you," he said.

She gave it to him, and he opened it, read it, and burnt it. No answer, of course, could come to a letter that was not sent; but Aunt Leth, of her own accord, wrote to Phœbe, very careful in what she said, because she suspected treachery, and feared that her letter might not reach Phœbe's hands. It did not; nor did letters written by Fanny. They were all opened by Miser Farebrother, read, and burnt.

"Have any letters come for me?" asked Phœbe.

"None," replied her father. "Your precious friends have forgotten you. Now that they are convinced they cannot wring any money out of me, they will have nothing more to do with you."

She did not tell him that she knew he was guilty of an untruth. She had the firmest belief in her aunt's constancy, and this, to some extent, was a comfort to her, but the pain and the grief that lay in silence were very bitter. She never ceased thinking of her lover; that was the keenest torture of all. For when weeks had passed in this way she argued with herself how could any young man, how could even Fred, be faithful to one who was as dead to him? Perhaps the greatest terror she experienced during these unhappy weeks arose out of a dream. She dreamt that her father was dead, and she woke up with a strange feeling of ease. Would she, then, rejoice in his death? "Am I growing wicked and revengeful?" she asked of herself in the silence of the night. "Cruel as he is, he is still my father. Send death to me, and end this misery!" It was a prayer to God, and as she grew daily weaker and thinner it seemed as if her prayer would be answered.

So now, when her father sent for her, and told her that it was time the plans he had formed for her future should be carried out, she answered, "Cannot things remain as they are?"

"They cannot," said Miser Farebrother. "Mr. Pamflett will come here this evening, and will sleep here to-night. To-morrow morning he will go to London to attend to the business, and in the evening he will return. Before to-morrow night is over you will accept him for your husband."

"I will never do that," said Phœbe.

"You have sworn to obey me," he said sternly.

"I have not," she said, in as steady a voice as she could command. "I have sworn never to marry without your consent, and I will keep my oath. I have sworn not to leave Parkside unless you thrust me out, and I will keep my oath. There my obligation ends."

"What objection have you to Mr. Pamflett?" he asked.

"I hate and abhor him," said Phœbe firmly. "He is not a man; he is a reptile."

The door opened, and Mrs. Pamflett appeared.

"Come in," cried Miser Farebrother, "and hear what this ungrateful child calls your son. Repeat it in her hearing," he said to Phœbe.

The girl did not speak.

"I will tell you," said Miser Farebrother, "and if she denies it she lies. I asked her what objection she had to Jeremiah, and she answered that she hated and abhorred him, and that he was not a man but a reptile."

"Did you say that?" exclaimed Mrs. Pamflett, with venom in her voice and eyes.

Phœbe was silent.

"That is the proof," said Miser Farebrother. "If she did not say it, she would deny it."

"My son a reptile!" said Mrs. Pamflett; "then what am I—his mother? I shall remember it!"

"Do you want me any longer?" asked Phœbe of her father.

"No; you can go."

At tea-time, Jeremiah having arrived, Miser Farebrother sent for his daughter. She sat at the table, and poured out the tea. Dark rims were around her eyes, her lips were quivering; but there was no pity for her. They talked of business matters; according to Jeremiah, money was being made fast; profitable negotiations had been entered into that day, and the miser gloated as he jotted down figures and calculated interest.

"Things are looking up, Jeremiah," he said in a tone of exultation.

"That they are, Sir," said Jeremiah. "Everything is going on swimmingly."

Could the thoughts which were harassing him have been read, could his mind have been laid bare, Miser Farebrother

would have been aghast. Jeremiah was in a sea of difficulties; he had spread nets for others, they were closing around himself. The accounts he presented to his master were false; the negotiations he had entered into were inventions; the bills he exhibited were forged. There were only two roads of safety for him—one, his speedy marriage with Phoebe; the other, his master's death. His mother was filled with apprehension, for, having a better knowledge of his guilty nature than the others, she divined that he was in some deep trouble.

After tea the miser said, "Jeremiah, you have something in your pocket for my daughter."

Jeremiah produced it; a piece of silver tissue paper, from which he took a ring.

"It is an engagement ring," said Miser Farebrother. "Give it to Phoebe."

He offered it to her, and she did not raise her hand. "Take it!" cried Miser Farebrother.

Phoebe took it, and flung it away.

Miser Farebrother rose slowly to his feet. One hand rested on the table, in the other he held his crutch stick.

"Pick it up!" he said, sternly.

Phoebe did not move.

"Pick it up!" he cried again.

Still Phoebe made no motion. Trembling with passion he lifted his crutch stick and struck her across the neck. It was a cruel blow, and it left a long red streak upon the girl's fair neck.

She tottered, and almost fell to the ground, but she straightened herself, and uttered no word.

"If I were dead," he said, "you could marry your gentleman lawyer."

"If he would have me," Phoebe replied, in a low, firm tone. "I should then not be bound by my oath."

"You hear!" he exclaimed, appealing to Mrs. Pamflett and Jeremiah. "She wishes for my death, and would bring it about if she could, in order that she might be free to disgrace me!"

They heard; but Phoebe did not. The pain of the blow was great, and she could scarcely bear it. Blinding tears rushed into her eyes.

"Go from my sight!" said Miser Farebrother. "And bear this in mind: my word is law. You will marry the gentleman I have chosen for you, or my curse shall rest upon you till your dying day! My death alone shall accomplish your guilty desire."

Thereafter there was no peace for her. There was something devilish in the ingenuity displayed by her enemies to torture her soul. There are women, strong women, whom it would have driven to madness; but from this despair Phoebe was mercifully saved.

"I will bear it; I will bear it," she murmured, "till the end comes. I must preserve my reason. When I am dead, Aunt Leth will drop a flower on my grave.

And Mr. Cornwall, perhaps, will think, with sorrow, of the poor girl whose heart is his for ever and ever!" She never thought of him now as "Fred"; he was too far removed from her; all was over between them, but she would be faithful to him to the last.

She intrenched herself in silence; never opening her lips to Mrs. Pamflett and Jeremiah, and never to her father, unless he addressed her and compelled her to reply. From the day he struck her she did not call him "father."

She did not regard him as such; her heart was a heart of tenderness, but his merciless conduct had deadened it to him. She thought frequently of her mother, and prayed aloud to that pure spirit. "Take me, mother," she cried, "take your unhappy child from this hard world!"

So months passed, her cross becoming harder to bear with every rising sun. Then it was that Phoebe began to fear that in the cruel, unequal fight her reason might be wrecked. At length a crisis came.

During the day her father had been more than usually savage towards her. In the evening he ordered her to her room. She went willingly, and, undressing, retired to bed.

She did not know what time of the night it was when she heard her father's voice outside her door. He had tried the handle, but Phoebe never went to bed now without turning the key in the lock.

"Answer me! answer me!" cried her father.

"What do you want?" she asked, sitting up in bed.

"You! Dress this instant, and come out!"

She rose from her bed, and dressed hurriedly, without lighting a candle. Then she went to the door and opened it.

"Assist me to my room," he said, in his cold, cruel voice.

He leant upon her with such force that he almost bore her down. They reached his room.

"Attend to my words," he said; "they may be the last that will ever pass between us. There is ruin on all sides of me. Whom should I trust, if not you? Once more I ask if you will obey me."

"In everything," said Phoebe, "except"—

He did not allow her to finish.

"Except in the way I wish. I will put an end to this. You walk like a ghost about the house. I see you in my dreams. You come, you and your mother, who was like you, a pale, sickly creature, and stand by my bedside in the night. I saw her a few minutes since, and I will submit to it no longer. I will rid myself of you both, now and for ever! Again, will you obey me?"

"Not in the way you wish," replied Phoebe.

"In what other way can you satisfy me? You know well, in no other way. You will not?"

"I will not."

With all his strength—with more than his ordinary strength, for he was excited to a furious pitch—he struck her in the face.

"Will you obey me?"

"No."

He struck her again, a frightful blow.

"I call down a curse upon you!" he cried. "You are no longer a child of mine. I drive you from my house. Go, this moment, or I shall kill you!"

She turned and fled without a word. Out into the passage, down the stairs, out of the house, and into the open, quivering, bleeding, and staggering blindly on through the darkness of night.

(To be continued.)

The Queen has forwarded her annual subscription of £50 to the Army and Navy Pensioners' Employment Society, of which her Majesty is patron.

Painted figure windows in commemoration of the Jubilee have lately been placed in the church of Horstead, Norwich, and Enderby, near Leicester.—The old parish church of West-bere has been further enriched by the erection of a large painted window, containing the subject of "The Ascension,"

"Agony in the Garden," &c. The window is in memory of the wife of Major F. G. S. Parker.—A painted window, with subjects taken from the texts, "I was a stranger," "Sick and ye visited me," &c., has been recently placed in St. Paul's Church, Wednesbury, to the memory of Mrs. Fanny Fisher

Tathill, wife of the Vicar, and subscribed by the parishioners; a rich ornamental brass with suitable inscription is placed at foot. These three windows are from the studio of Messrs. Charles Evans and Co.

THE WORLD'S BEST MEDICINE.

Our chief means of mental and physical renewal is afforded by the opportunity of sleep. It has been variously designated by different minds. To Virgil, the mighty and benevolent enchanter, sleep is "death's half-brother"; while to the poet of the "Night Thoughts" it is "tired Nature's sweet restorer." Milton called it "the timely dew of sleep." Sir Philip Sidney wrote of sleep as—

The certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low;

and John Keats apostrophised it as the—

Comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hushed and smooth.

Concerning sleep, the "sleep that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye," Cervantes made Don Quixote exclaim: "Now blessings light on him that first invented sleep! It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot." Sir William Davenant, in his unfinished drama of "Gondilbert," described it as "the weary world's best medicine, sleep"; and Sadi, the Persian poet, declared it to be a gift to the bad in order that the good might be undisturbed. Southey seems to have differed from most others in this matter, for in "The Curse of Kehama" he exclaimed—

Thou hast been called, O sleep! the friend of woe;
But 'tis the happy that have called thee so.

There is universal agreement, however, with the assertion made by the preacher of the elder days that "the sleep of a labouring man is sweet."

Yes; a great and all-important increase of mental and physical vigour comes by way of sleep. For this, it is "the weary world's best medicine." Its Giver is no respecter of persons. But how sleep gives renewal the writers do not say. Even science, which tells us so much now-a-days, is almost silent on the subject. The physiologist knows that the tired body sleeps; that the weary, worked-up brain rests from its labours; he knows that afterwards the physical frame awakens to renewed power; that the brain resumes with renovated force its processes of thought; and all the man of research and knowledge can do is, as Captain Cuttle recommended, to "make a note of" the indubitable fact. Nevertheless, we know, with Wordsworth, that sleep is the—

Balm that takes
All anguish; saint, that evil thoughts and aims
Takes away, and into souls dost creep
Like to a breeze from heaven.

Yes; "like to a breeze from heaven" indeed, for "so He giveth His beloved sleep."

The method of sleep is most likely past our present finding out. Anyone may say with Nick Bottom, the weaver in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "I have an exposition of sleep upon me"; but who can expound it? Yet what an instructively beautiful fact it is! As one thinks of it, one is constrained to exclaim with the Ancient Mariner of Coleridge—

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole.

No; we cannot explain, but we can praise it. Its description we have. This has been charmingly done by Leigh Hunt in one of his characteristic sentences. As thus: "A gentle failure of perceptions creeps over you; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself once more, and with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of a sleeping child, the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it—like the eye, it is closed—the mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds." How mystically beautiful it is, and, at the same time, how closely and practically it is related to our very being itself! So closely, indeed, are life and sleep related that, as the chief priest of Nature declared, "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting," and "our little life is rounded with a sleep," until we come, as Scott expressed it, to the—

Sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking."

as far as the more material part of us is concerned. In this light "the innocent sleep" may be looked upon as "death's beautiful brother," as Longfellow designated it, and he is "so like him," said Sir Thomas Browne, "that I never dare trust him without my prayers."

To the brain-worker and the hand-worker alike how desirable is this rest and recuperance of mind and body! The entire lack of sleep inevitably brings on the death of one or both. Even partial want of it brings premonition of the certain consummation. Hence it is that we long for what Charles Reade called "Life's nurse, sent from heaven to create us anew day by day." When the toils of day are over, when the record for good or ill is completed, when the sun has set upon the day's enjoyment and sorrow alike, when the curtains of night are closing around our weary limbs and mind, our chief desire is for sleep. We long to hold unto our lips the healing draught, the goblet filled from out Oblivion's well. But how to obtain this priceless blessing? The environment of darkness is not enough. There must be quiet for rest. As Cowley sweetly sang—

The balmy Sleep will never build his nest
In any stormy breast.
'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and darkness in the mind;
Darkness but half his work will do,
'Tis not enough, he must be quiet too.

Even quiet and darkness are not sufficient. A state of peacefulness is required; what Bishop Patrick called "a settledness of mind, and a consistency within ourselves." The sleep cannot be undisturbed and sweet if the mind is not composed, and if the pillow is not smoothed by the spirit of peace. Gentle sleep comes to those who are at peace with themselves. When "something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose," and when in view of the day's work they can say with one of our earlier poets, "My conscience is my crown," then there is good ground for sleep. But it comes best of all to those who are at peace with the world as well as with themselves. When the things have been studied which make for peace with all, then, indeed, is there the complete ground for sleep. The words of Shenstone embrace all the requisites for the obtaining of the needful peace—

Would you taste the tranquil scene?
Be sure your bosoms be serene:
Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
Devoid of all that poisons life;
And much it 'vails you, in their place,
To graft the love of human race.

Then, "lulled by the full harmony of an all-consenting peace," they may lay themselves down to sleep without any fear of "what dreams may come." They may be ignorant of the scientific characteristics of sleep, but if the days have been filled with loving duty the repose of the nights will be calm, and the welcome of the morning light will be joyous. And, then, when the sun of life seems to set behind the mountains in darkness, and the twilight appears preceding the night which comes alike to all, they will not be cast down or in any wise depressed by the deepening shadows; they will have no dread of approaching terrors; but they will lay themselves down in peace to sleep, in great confidence that they will continue to dwell in untroubled safety.

T. L.

IN THE SEMOIS VALLEY.

The average Continental holiday traveller might be puzzled to place his finger on the Semois, with the map before him. The Semois is one of the few "happy valleys" which have escaped the attention of "personally conducted" and other crowds, whose presence spoil the primitive customs and pleasant simplicity of every place they "discover."

Though a short river, the Semois has the distinction of belonging to three kingdoms. Rising in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, it flows through southern Belgium, and finds its way into the French Meuse at Monthermé. It waters the centre of the beautiful wooded region now tolerably well known as the Ardennes. In future seasons, it will probably form part of the regulation Ardennes tour. At present, the want of communication keeps it free from "circular tickets." No railway follows the Semois. No steamers churn its quiet waters. No "diligence," even, runs through the valley. The roads are not suited for cycling. To see the Semois, one must walk.

If the autumn tourist asks whether the Semois is worth the journey, the Artist's Sketches should give a sufficient answer. The Semois is well worth the week or more that may be given to it. The journey is easy and direct. One can leave Liverpool-street by the eight p.m. Continental express to Antwerp, and reach the Semois next day in time for supper at the comfortable little inn at Monthermé, where the Semois joins the Meuse. But the tourist with time, instead of going straight from Antwerp, may break his journey at Brussels and again at Namur, where he strikes the Meuse, and take the little steamer up the beautiful valley to Dinant. From Dinant it is a pleasant morning's walk up the Meuse to Givet, the French frontier city. But at Givet the traveller sketching must have a care, or he may possibly share the fate of other artists before him, and be detained until he proves to the satisfaction of the official mind that he is not a "Prussian spy" disguised as an Englishman.

From Givet it is a short way by rail up the Meuse to the mouth of the Semois. Here, at Monthermé, the pedestrian can map out his walks from village to village pretty much as he pleases. But he should decide to reach as far as Bouillon, where he is in touch of the rail again by diligence connection. Between Monthermé and Bouillon the valley is dotted with rustic villages, with primitive but clean inns. Haute Rivière, eight miles from Monthermé, is one; Bohan, four miles further, is another. Approaching Bohan, we understand why the Ardennes are called the Belgian Switzerland. Nestling at the base of a forest-covered height, Bohan could pass, with its Alpine-looking houses, crowded and rising above each other in a gap in the rocks, and its old stone bridge spanning the boulder-strewn stream, for an Alpine village. In autumn the visitor will find the front of every other house hidden by bunches of brown and yellow leaves. This is the tobacco crop drying, after the primitive fashion of the valley. Earlier, the broad-leaved plant will be seen growing on sheltered slopes throughout the valley. Beyond Bohan is Alle, a favourite halting-place with Belgian tourists; and from Alle it is an easy day's walk by Bottissart to Bouillon. The mediæval castle of Bouillon has more than local fame; it is a landmark in history. For it was Godfrey of Bouillon who led the first Crusade, and who, after the capture of Jerusalem, declined to become its King, "and wear a crown of gold where his Saviour had worn a crown of thorns." Of the feudal stronghold founded by Godfrey sufficient remains to interest the visitor at Bouillon, although much of the interior has been transformed by later military genius.

From Bouillon the higher reaches of the Semois can be explored, or the homeward journey commenced by diligence, either to Sedan and thence home by rail, or to Paliseul or Poix, both on lines of rail, for the return through other parts of the Ardennes.

FEAR.

The face of the terrified little boy sprawling on the seashore, while his mischievous elder companion holds up a huge live lobster, with claws fiercely flapping, in threatening approach to his eyes and nose, is a fine study of that distressing passion which mankind of all ages, and in all ages, have shared with other sensitive creatures. The roguish merriment of the tormentor is portrayed with equal force and truth. The lobsters, of which several are lying on the beach, have probably been taken out of the traps left by the father of these urchins, and will soon be fetched away for the market which is in a seaside village of the French coast. It is likely that the younger child has been acquainted with those marine monsters only as an article of trade, and has never before realised their formidable nature. Considering his own size, the poor infant may well be afraid. As Bully Bottom says, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," of another animal, "There is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living." We, of adult stature and strength, have only to imagine a lobster nearly as big as a hyæna, apparently not less ferocious, brought close to one's head, to sympathise with the alarm of this small chap. The others are crawling round about, and may, for aught he knows, be preparing for a combined attack on his person. Mr. Rider Haggard, in his recent fiction, has described a party of valiant English travellers, Sir Henry Curtis, Captain Good, R.N., and Allan Quartermain, with the Zulu warrior, attacked and defeated by a herd of gigantic crustaceans on the banks of an underground river. The child whose brother seems to have taken part against him with similar foes has much excuse for showing fear, and is not to be set down as a lorn coward. He will grow big and wise enough, in time, to capture the objects of his present terror, and to do a profitable trade in them, as his father and grandfather have done before him.

The first silver medal of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society has been presented to Miss Adela Duckham, aged thirteen years, a student at Guildhall School of Music, for proficiency as a violinist.

Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C., the new Chancellor for Durham Palatine Court of Chancery, vacant by the death of Mr. James Fleming, Q.C., took his seat in court for the first time on the 13th inst.

A new hospital, on the circular system, was opened at Hastings on the 13th inst. by Mr. Wilson Noble, M.P.; the Mayor (Alderman Thorpe) presiding over a gathering which included the Bishop of the diocese, Viscount and Viscountess Hampden, and Professor Marshall, the president of the General Medical Council. The hospital, which is erected on the site of the old infirmary, opposite the Hastings Pier, has cost altogether about £24,000, of which about £20,000 has been subscribed.

The International Literary Congress at Madrid brought its sittings to a close last Saturday. In the afternoon the members of the Congress, accompanied by deputations from the literary and artistic societies in this city and a band of University students, went in procession to the square in front of the Chamber of Deputies, and deposited wreaths of laurel and gold at the foot of the statue of Cervantes. Several speeches were delivered in honour of the great writer, and the proceedings then terminated.



1. On the Meuse boat.
2. La Roche Bayard, Dinant.
3. Hôtel de Ville, Dinant.

4. "Prussian spies" at Givet.
5. Village church, Monthermé.
6. The Curé.

7. Haute Rivière.
8. Bohan.
9. A mountain path, Bohan.

10. Tobacco-gathering, Alle.
11. Bollisart.
12. Castle of Bouillon.

13. Alarm Tower, Bouillon.
14. Clock Tower.
15. Pallseul.

IN THE SEMOIS VALLEY, ARDENNES.



FEAR.—FROM THE PICTURE BY L. OLIVÉ.

THE GLOAMING OF THE YEAR.

The distinctive word in our title has its birth in the "North country." The sight of it in Border ballad, or its sound in the ear of the student of Scottish poetry, is sufficient to call up the melodious measures of Burns, Allan Ramsay, Tannahill, and Hogg. It is a word that is specially appropriate to the Yarrow region, bathed as it is in "pastoral melancholy," and rendered immortal by those deathless ballads of love and war.

It may be seen in what follows that the word "gloaming" is used advisedly, so far as indicating an attempt at the comprehension of that season of the year which, in varied tints and subtle phases, goes beyond the autumn tides. The Transatlantic term "fall" has here little value, as the subtle phenomena of the fading year cannot well be tabulated and circumscribed by the calendar. Neither is the word "twilight" suited, inasmuch as there is in it nothing of suggestiveness beyond tint or powerless colouring; "gloaming," however, is rich with a ruddy lustre, though the background should be dark; there is, moreover, a pensive glamour in it, though the *soûg* of the awakening night winds may be heard coming up from the far-off rim of the darkening East.

August brought us the early afternoon of the year, when the sultry hours of former days had become a memory. September's cool breath dispelled the hot haze and showed us fields and plains in shining lustre, flecked here and there with the lengthening shadows of the ripe sheaves, and the wind-stirred firs. Now the sun is lessening his daily course, and the gloaming is upon us. The lustre of the year has become dim. The leaves have lost their moist greenness, through which the flow of light could be seen, and have now on them the russet tint of decay. The thistle-down floats lazily on the silent, gentle breeze; the trout, with dull splash, breaks the stillness of the pool by whose rim no watchful kingfisher now sits; the robin, perched amidst the ruddy lobes of the rowan-tree, warbles in thin metallic notes his somewhat broken stave; while the patient kine stand near the meadow-gate, still and dreamy, as though wrapt in tranquil thought.

Anyone who imagines that the autumnal transfiguration of Nature robs her of all her beauty and leaves only rugged scars on her face and form, has either gone little abroad or has observed to no profit. One day afoot on the King's highway, leading over hill and dale, and skirting thorp and town, to the observing soul furnishes revelations worth a month's devotion to book-lore. Let anyone who is sceptical as to the truth of this try the prescription without prejudice. As his foot strikes the gravel, his soul will be kindled with Nature's own fire of enthusiasm, and sight and sound will act on all his being like a mental tonic; the driving cloud will quicken his fancy, the busy mill-wheel will have for him a new and human interest, while a fresh-born thrill of delight will possess his being as he hears the cock's shrill bugle from the farmyard down in the dale.

The man who trudges on foot, in the face of the freshening breeze, and under the blue dome of the genial heavens, has a delectable freedom, which the etiquette of kingly courts denies to emperors and princes. He is to himself the centre of the universe, and the world opens to him its mysterious secrets as he goes along. If he should begin his walk in despondency or comparative dulness, the mental mists are dispelled as his pores open and his circulation becomes active. He is now on the common level, both as to figure of speech and actual fact. Isolation ceases, and he feels, with a quiet satisfaction not unmingled with reverence, that he is one of the countless and mysterious complements which go to make up the supremely perfect round of Nature.

Your genuine pedestrian—the man who loves walking for Nature's sake—is generally a man who possesses more or less freshness of heart and purity of conscience. Envy, Malice, and Vice of all shapes generally ride or drive, having the devil, in some capacity or other, conductor of the cavalcade; while Virtue always loves to go afoot. Walking has no part in Satan's programme: he has too keen an eye to the main chance to think of any such arrangement. He will ride with you on the wild steeds of delirious joy, or roll you along in "luxurious ease"; but walk with you—never! On foot, all the sights and sounds of Nature are before him, strong as battalions. It is true that Southey on one occasion paints his dark Majesty as walking, but the satiric reason is obvious—

He passed a cottage with a double coach-house
A cottage of gentility;
And he owned with a grin
That his favourite sin
Is the pride that apes humility.

To the walker of keen intelligence and reverential spirit, in these calm, pensive days of the year's gloaming, there are constantly being revealed new lights and shadows of Nature, together with countless touches of human interest. Gradually, the mystic currents from outer phenomena flow through him, and the mute language of the great nourishing Mother charms, like some soothing symphony, his soul. He is no longer a spectator of the wealth of colour and form around him, but one of the elements of the grand unity. Sight leads to reverence—vision to interpretation.

Continued experience and deepening affection for Nature combine to sharpen our intellectual wits as well as our powers of perception, so that we come to be able to read between the lines, and learn of the subtle spirit of beauty which lies deep beneath the surface of things. Happy is he who has attained this faculty. To his ear the robin's warbling becomes a song of idyllic sweetness; the night-winds, as they pass through the solemn pines, sound like the voice of many waters, while the amber cloud-bars at sunset in the deep-green of the west are like shining strands firm-set in emerald seas. To him, also, there is a living interest and unspeakable charm in all that has touch with human sympathies. His eye sees the first russet-tint on the beechen hedgerows, and notes with pleasure the solid phalanx of well-trimmed wheat-stacks in the farmyard, throwing back with golden lustre the beams of the setting sun. To his ear the merry voices of the children of the homestead are sweeter than song; and the picturesque group in the little hollow by the fir-wood, sitting in the dusk by their camp-fire, gipsies though they be, are to him of infinitely more interest than would be the finest paintings of Jacob Rysdael or Claude Lorraine.

The genuine student of Nature in this gloaming of the year looks at what is better than dissolution and decay. The scarlet hips, shining in their lusty ripeness, glow like lobes of living fire amidst the withered remnant of their former fellowship of leaves; and down the dale, in many a sheltered nook, fair hangs the apple on the tree, saluting the sinking sun, and possessing through all its being the joy of colour and the beauty of rounded form. But all this the cold gaze or hurried glance of the casual passer-by could never see. Nature gives not the key of her mysteries to any but reverent souls. It was this inner vision which enabled Wordsworth to look beneath the surface of things, and dowered him with the spirit of poetic sympathy which found expression in the lines—

And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

To this same gift we are indebted for the natural charm and

exquisite glamour which pervade the delightful gossip and musings of Henry Thoreau and Gilbert White. But for their keen vision, which amounted to genius of a high order, we should never have had that Arcadian journal of the recluse of Walden Pond, or those breezy, out-of-doors letters of White of Selborne, some of which, in beauty and scope, rise into the region of the finest pastoral poetry. These two men, each in his own province and spiritual touch with Nature, were Kings. They grew in artistic development under the lapse of time and the impulse of natural phenomena, just as the oak grows in the roll of the ages. In the world of stocks and shares, barter and sale, rapine and war, they had no share. To the recluse of Concord, the spring arrival of the swallows at Walden Pond was of more interest than the Presidential Election; while to the Selborne naturalist the advent of the nightingale in the Hampshire woods far exceeded in importance the birth of a prince or the downfall of a foreign throne. These men were the veritable high-priests of Nature, and received from her the glowing messages which she is willing to give to all those who will hear. The world may call them mystics or fools, but the world's scorn is cheap; and Time, that unerring arbiter, places them amongst the children of Wisdom and Light. Wordsworth knew the subtle power of their great teacher—

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Let no one imagine that in the gloaming of the year Nature has no message to deliver or mysteries to unfold. The earth has then a pensive beauty which no other season can compass; and beyond this, in this season the human element is more manifest in sight and sound and sympathetic relationship. He who jogs along the highway naturally looks now less at the gleaned fields, and more at the little thatched cottage with its thin ascending wreaths of blue smoke, or to the cluster of homely-looking dwellings with red-tiled roofs. The lowing of the kine is heard afar off; the cackling of the poultry in the farmyard becomes almost obtrusive in the silence of the lowland atmosphere; the pigeons coo in drowsy monotone from the barn-roof; while the maiden on her way to the spring sings her sweet, engrossing song, perchance of love, or mayhap of—

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, or may be again.

Nor is this all in the way of lights and shadows—both in external nature and in the complexion of human souls—which, he of vigorous foot and healthy spirit will see at autumn-tide on the King's highway. Smiling homes and happy hearths, gleeful children and sweet-eyed dames, manly squires and true-hearted peasants—Nature's gentlemen all—loyal youths and pure-souled maidens, will meet him in every valley as he steps towards the setting sun; and he will return with a new-born delight and satisfaction in his soul—that loyal, modest satisfaction so well expressed by Wordsworth—

The common growth of Mother Earth
Sufficeth me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

A. L.

The Queen has been pleased to approve of Mr. Donald Cameron, of Lochiel, being appointed Lord Lieutenant of the county of Inverness, in the place of the late Lord Lovat.

Mr. F. Lee Bapty, manager of the Manchester Exhibition, has been appointed Chief Commissioner for Great Britain at the Brussels Exhibition of 1888, in which England has applied for space to the extent of 20,000 square metres.

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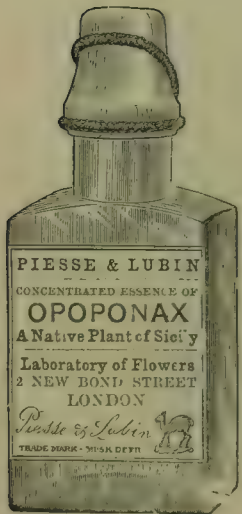
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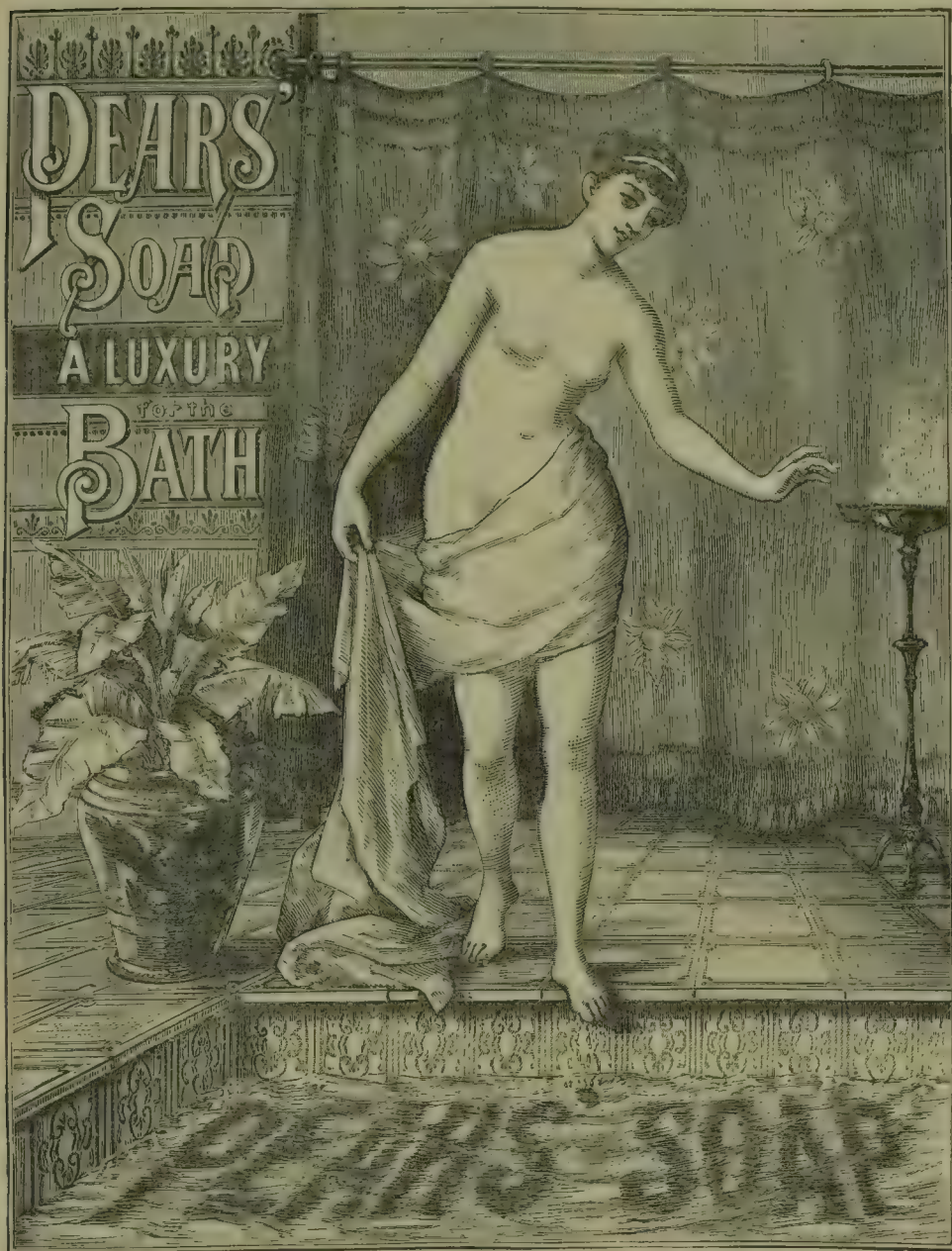
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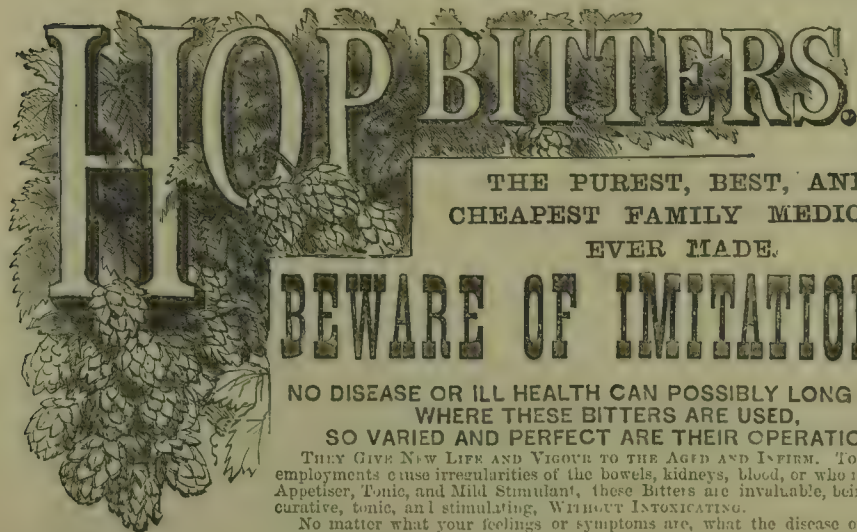
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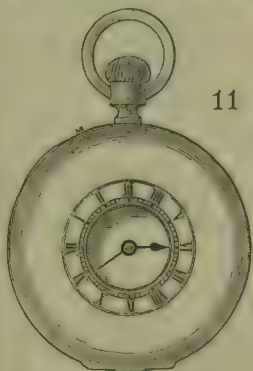
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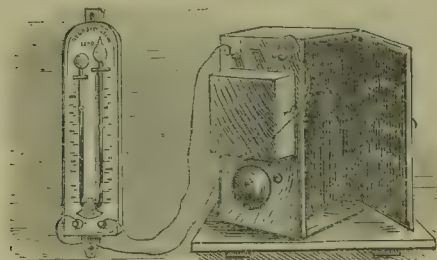
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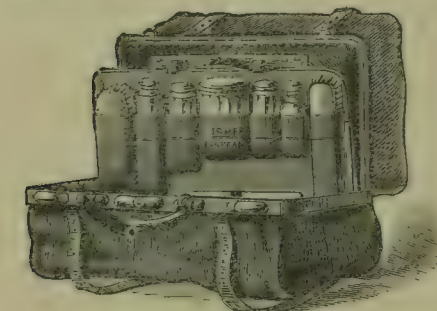
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The trophy to be held by the golf amateur champion of Great Britain is a vase over 2 ft. high, and valued at £150, which is an admirable specimen of the silversmith's art. The figure on the summit is that of Tom Morris, the custodian of the St. Andrew's links; it is not only a remarkably clever piece of casting, but an excellent likeness of that worthy. In addition to the usual ornaments and scrolls the vase bears two shields: one a representation, in bas relief, of golfers playing; the other showing the names of the clubs which have subscribed to the vase fund. For the present year the trophy is in the possession of the Royal North Devon Golf Club, having been won for it by Mr. Horatio Gordon Hutchinson, who also won it in 1886, when he played for the Royal and Ancient Club, St. Andrew's. Mr. Hutchinson is a well-known amateur, and is the author of a practical and brightly-written little handbook, entitled "Hints on Golf"; it is in its second edition, and is published by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons.

PUBLIC BATHS AND INFIRMARY, NORTHWICH.

The late Mr. Robert Verdin, M.P., generously presented to the town of Northwich a park, public baths, and an infirmary, which were opened by Lord Stanley of Preston last week. The Verdin Park, which was part of the Winnington Bank estate, is about twenty acres in extent. There are carriage entrances from Castle-street and Winnington-street, also a foot entrance from Winnington-hill. The park is arranged so as to leave as much grass land as possible. Between the drive and walks and the boundary fences of the park wide borders have been formed and planted with evergreens and trees. There are two good bowling-greens and three double courts of tennis-ground, also a cricket-ground in the middle of the park. There are lodges at each carriage entrance. The plans and works have been under the superintendence of Mr. James Holland, architect, of Northwich. The house on the estate has been converted into an accident infirmary, called the Victoria Infirmary. On the ground floor are the convalescent room, operating room, and lavatory, the board-room, consulting room, kitchen, scullery, and domestic apartments. On the first floor are the matron's sitting-room, two male wards of three beds each, matron's private store-closet,



NORTHWICH PUBLIC BATHS.

female ward with two beds, child's ward with one bed, bath-room, matron's bed-room, and a spare room. On the second floor are two servants' bed-rooms. The infirmary is beautifully furnished, and supplied with every convenience, including the most modern surgical instruments and appliances. At the back of the infirmary is a mortuary, and on the opposite side of the yard is a laundry. The building erected for the baths, on a knoll at the south end of the park, is constructed on the half-timbered principle; it is 109 ft. long by 34 ft. wide, and is lighted at the sides by circular-headed windows. On the right of the entrance are four slipper or private baths, one of which is a shower-bath, each bath being fitted up for brine. At the end of the passage is the plunge-bath apartment. There is a wrought-iron plunge bath, 60 ft. long by 20 ft. wide, 6 ft. deep at one end, 3 ft. 6 in. deep at the other. On each side are dressing-boxes, with shower-bath and foot-bath at one end. The machines and heating apparatus were supplied by Messrs. T. Bradford and Co., of Manchester. Under the laundry is the boiler-house, in which is a steam-boiler, made by Messrs. Joseph Verdin and Sons, at their Winsford works.

QUEEN'S PLATES.

It having been determined that, with her Majesty's assent, the sum of 3200 guineas which has hitherto been given for racing purposes in the shape of "Queen's Plates" shall henceforth be applied to the encouragement of horse-breeding in another form, the following particulars with regard to the Queen's Plates run for this season will be read with interest:—There have, as usual, been ten of these plates—one of 500 guineas, run for at Newmarket, and nine of 300 guineas, run for at Liverpool, Bath, Salisbury, Ascot, Stockbridge, Richmond, Lewes, York, and Lichfield. According to the rules as modified by the Master of the Horse some three or four years ago no animal not bred in the United Kingdom was eligible to compete for these prizes and no animal could win more than two in the same season. This year the quality of the competitors was better than usual, as may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Baird's Bird of Freedom won at Liverpool, General Pearson's Ruddigore at Bath, the Duke of Beaufort's The Cob at Salisbury, Lord Edward Somerset's Carlton at Ascot and Stockbridge, Captain Vyner's Stoneclink at Richmond, Captain Wardle's Merry Duchess at Lewes, the Duke of Beaufort's Réve d'Or at York, Count Canevaro's Pythagoras at Lichfield, and Mr. J. Hammond's Eurasian at Newmarket. The two largest fields were for the first and the last of these races, eight horses contesting the Liverpool race and five that at Newmarket, which Eurasian won by a head only from Stoneclink; Exmoor and Pythagoras—both useful horses of their sort—being third and fourth. Stoneclink was second last year to St. Gatien, who also won the race as a four-year-old, so that Mr. Hammond has won it for three years in succession. In three instances there have been four runners—viz., at Bath, Salisbury, and Lichfield—while three times only two horses ran, this being at Stockbridge, Richmond, and York. At Ascot, Carlton, the only horse who won two of these plates, was allowed to walk over the course; and it may be added that the two Queen's Plates



HOUSE IN WHICH JAMES WATT WAS BORN, AT GREENOCK.

of 100 guineas run for in Scotland, the money for which, like that for the plates in Ireland, is annually voted by Parliament, both resulted in a walk-over—Merry Duchess being allowed to win the one given to the Caledonian Hunt Meeting, and Selby that at Edinburgh.—*Times*.

Mr. G. W. Hastings, M.P. for East Worcestershire, was on Monday unanimously elected chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the county of Worcester, in succession to the Earl of Coventry, resigned.

At Oxford University, Mr. G. C. Bourne, B.A., of New College, has been elected to an open fellowship at that college. The following gentlemen have been elected to natural science demys at Magdalen College:—Mr. R. W. F. Gunther, University College School, London; Mr. E. Staines, St. Paul's School; Mr. J. Mowbray, Radley College. The Lincoln and Merton Professor of Classical Archaeology and Art (Percy Gardner, Litt.D.Camb.) gave his inaugural lecture in the hall of Lincoln College on Wednesday. Miss A. B. Clark has been elected to a scholarship of £35 at Lady Margaret Hall. Mr. Charles Aitken, late of Clifton College, has been elected to a history exhibition at New College of the annual value of £50, tenable for four years on satisfactory evidence of industry and good conduct.—At Durham, Messrs. Piercy and Swales have both been recommended for foundation scholarships of £70 each. Mr. Drew has got a foundation scholarship of £40, Mr. Phillips has been awarded the Newby scholarship of £25, while Mr. C. R. Wood has been recommended for the Lindsay scholarship.



JUBILEE VASE OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GOLF CLUB OF ST. ANDREWS.

ROYAL AND ANCIENT GOLF CLUB, ST. ANDREW'S.

The Queen Victoria Jubilee Vase of this club is represented in one of our Illustrations. Its design is one of the time of George II., 1734. It stands 2 ft. 10 in. high. Round the rim is the inscription, "The Queen Victoria Jubilee Vase." On a shield beneath is a bold medallion of her Majesty, after the new coinage. The subject on this side is Fortune directing a youth to the Temple of Fame; an elephant and a stalk, the emblems of gratitude, standing by. On the obverse side, on the rim, is the inscription:—"Presented to the Royal and Ancient Golf Club by D. S. Stewart, Captain, 1886-7." On the shield beneath is Captain Stewart's crest. The subject on this side is Genius conducting Taste, directed by Minerva, to the Temple of Science. The vase is richly chased with embellishments of the period; is silver-gilt, and weighs 280 oz. It is to be played for yearly, under handicap rules; the competition this year began on the 8th ult., and Mr. R. Whyte is the first winner.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF JAMES WATT.

The inventor of the steam-engine, for all practical purposes, was certainly one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. James Watt was born at Greenock, on the Clyde, in 1736. The house in which he was born, No. 13, Dalrymple-street, in that town, has lately been pulled down by the Greenock Improvement Commissioners. We have to thank Mr. Cathcart W. Methven, engineer to the Greenock Harbour Trust, for a sketch of the street, showing the position of the house. It will be marked by a memorial tablet on the new building to be erected on this site. James Watt, in his youth, was apprenticed to a maker of mathematical instruments. He began, at the age of twenty, to make experiments with steam as a motive power. In 1770, he commenced practice as an engineer, and in 1774 entered into partnership with Mr. Matthew Boulton, of the Soho Works at Birmingham, where his grand inventions were applied with speedy success and results of amazing magnitude. James Watt retired from business in 1800, and died in 1819. He was the inventor also of the copying-press, of improvements in the process of bleaching, and of many useful appliances in the manufacturing arts.



NORTHWICH INFIRMARY.

LEISURE.

What is the great want of the present day? Gentle readers, answer not all at once—nay, answer not at all; for the writer, having propounded his conundrum, is, of course, in a hurry to offer his own solution of it. 'Tis a trick of the trade; just as it is with certain preachers, who are always inventing queries (in the pulpit) to which they allow no one but themselves to reply. What is the great—let us rather say, the greatest—want of the day? No: it is not Home Rule for Ireland, or Twenty Years of Resolute Government, or Imperial Federation, or the Socialistic and Democratic Brotherhood, or Three Acres and a Cow—but *Leisure*, on behalf of which I have long felt that a protest had become necessary—a petition, a supplication, that it may not wholly be crushed out of existence, and numbered among the things of the past. "What do you mean by leisure?" interrupts some gay young athlete, for if relaxation be meant, he contends that upon its value and necessity, moral, mental, and physical, the world has fully made up what he is pleased to call its mind. Well, to my thinking, what is now called recreation or relaxation, and discussed with so much blowing of trumpets in our magazines, is the very antipodes of leisure; for leisure, at least from one point of view, implies the *capability of doing nothing*. Oh, my friends, just think of that! Think of the follies that would be avoided, the sins that would never be committed, if only for a short period of the year we did nothing! How much less scandal would be talked! how much less falsehood printed! If on the political agitator, the literary log-roller, the religious fanatic, and the unscrupulous speculator, were imposed a kind of "close time," Heavens! how vast would be the gain to humanity! Consider, too, what an opportunity would be provided for thinking all kinds of wise and kindly thoughts, of giving free range to all kinds of generous sympathies, and calmly meditating upon all things pure, true, and beautiful, if we could but provide for men and women, every year, a little leisure; a truce, as it were, in the great incessant warfare of the world; a respite from the pressure of that intolerable burden of anxiety and care which almost overwhelms them. Why, we should at once restore the lost art of enjoyment; for a very little reflection will convince the reader that leisure and enjoyment are inseparable.

What I like in the old comedies is the *atmosphere of leisure* (so to speak) which pervades them. The Mirabels and the Archers, the Orindas and the Mrs. Sullens, the ladies and the gallants who flutter through their lively scenes, take life so easily, with such a gay indifference to its graver aspects! There is no impatience, no restlessness about them; they dress, and make love, and flirt, and say witty things, all in the brightest and most indolent manner imaginable. It is the same in the comedies of Shakspeare. Lorenzo and Jessica recline on the marble terrace at Belmont, and exchange exquisite fancies about music and moonlight and love. And "I would out-night you," says the beautiful young Jewess, "did nobody come!" Why should she not? What was time or circumstance to her or him? So, too, Benedick and Beatrice saunter in Leonato's fruitful orchard, or the sunny open spaces of Messina, tossing sharp jests at each other, until the wrong done to Hero rouses them into temporary passion. Look at that most delightful of all pastoral dreams, "As You Like It." There, in the enchanted woods of Arden, Leisure reigns supreme; lovers roam through the dewy glades, and make rhymes, and carve names on the bark of trees; and banished Dukes and philosophical nobles repose under melancholy boughs, and utter edifying moralities in the sweetest of blank verse; and rustic swains go a-courting—and all throughout there is no sense of external pressure, no hasty movement, to impair the illusion. In "The Winter's Tale" its deeper and more serious action is happily interrupted by the brilliant Bohemian scenes—the sheep-shearing and the harvesting, shepherds and shepherdesses dancing, and the loves of Perdita and Florizel—all conceived in the truest spirit of leisure by the great poet, whose dearest purpose it was to withdraw from the stress and strain of London life, and spend his later years in the tranquil leisure of the sleepy town by the Avon.

Those grand old forefathers of ours found time to do much noble work, and yet to enjoy their leisure, like the wise men they were. Take Chaucer as an example. He went on diplomatic missions, and filled various offices of greater or less responsibility, and mingled in high affairs of State; but not the less did he know when to take his ease—as, for instance, in that quaint gallery overhanging the courtyard of the Talbot Inn, watching, with shrewd, downcast gaze, the motley company of travellers—knight and squire, reeve and franklin, wife of Bath and jolly miller—preparing for their leisurely amble to Canterbury. The grave, mild-mannered man was in no hurry, and therefore, it is true, never finished his story of the Canterbury Pilgrims—but what he did of it, he did with so masterly a completeness that it defies oblivion. And even in its opening lines we perceive a feeling of leisure—as we do, by-the-way in much of Tennyson's poetry—

When that April with his show'rs swoote,
The drought of Marche hath pierced to the roote,
Thanne longen folk to gan on pilgrimage,
And palmers for to seeken straunge stondes.

They did not wait, in those happy times, for Bank Holidays or "the Twelfth of August." I think of Bacon, the broad-browed Verulam—the founder of the New Science—orator, statesman, lawyer, philosopher, one of the busiest intellects the world has ever known, yet with such a fine appreciation of leisure! At Twickenham Park he enjoys "the blessings of contemplation in that sweet solitariness which collecteth the mind, as shutting the eyes does the sight." He has also a villa at Kew, to which he retires at intervals, "in seasons of business;" and his vacations he spends at Gorhambury, "in studies, arts, and sciences, to which, in his own nature, he is most inclined;" and in gardening, "the purest of human pleasures." A fine touch of leisure occurs in his essay "Of Gardens": "I do hold it," he says, "in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be *gardens for all the months in the year*." When he writes of "Masques and Triumphs," it is in order to make them meet pastime for a wise man's leisure. The alterations of scenes are "to be done quietly and without noise" (we playgoers now-a-days cannot be satisfied without explosions and earthquakes!). "Sweet odours" are suddenly to come forth; but "without any drops falling." But most of the Elizabethans had brave notions of leisure. I delight in that anecdote of Francis Drake playing at bowls with other sea-captains on Plymouth Hoe. They tell him that the terrible Armada is at hand. "Let us play out our match," he cries; "there will be plenty of time to win the game and beat the Spaniards, too!" Then there is Spenser, the very poet of leisure! His great, sweet, pure, and true poem of "The Faery Queen" is to be enjoyed only by those who understand what leisure is; who are able to follow without weariness or impatience the slow, easy movements of the characters his fertile genius calls into being. For his Sir Calidore and his Unas, his Sir Guions and Britomarts, are never stirred to ungente haste. They glide to and fro like sunbeams over a lawn; they lie down in leafy nooks and by crystal springs, sleeping away the hours as if the earth were still young. The same happy air of leisure is felt in Sidney's

"Arcadia"—in, for example, that famous landscape which all of us delight to remember: "meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so, too, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds . . . here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing"—a charming picture of leisure!

In the old days, when men loved their work, and had leisure to put their hearts and brains into it, those sacred poems in stone, our cathedrals, rose slowly but majestically into their magnificent existence. A man would spend his life over a single pillar—base, shaft, and capital: but then that pillar stands to this day—a thing of beauty, in which a human soul has found expression. Or he would chip the stone here and shape it there, and work at it day after day, and year after year, until the thought in his mind came forth in a lovely angel face, for the great profit of future generations; then he would silently lay down his tools, and pass to his rest, and the task would be continued by other workers as good and as true; and so, with wise convenient leisure, the masterpiece, in a couple of centuries, would attain completion. But from modern art the idea of leisure is painfully absent. Men will now run you up a cathedral in a year, and turn out angel-faces (and such angel-faces!) by contract, at so much per dozen! Even our sculpture lacks the old majestic repose; and the landscape-painter turns from the sunny reaches of the still river and the peace of the green pastures to attempt the rain-storms and torrents and violences of Nature! Alas! for the lack of leisure!

So, too, in our literature. The large-mindedness of the elder writers and their philosophic scope—the broad wisdom of Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne, of Hooker and Jeremy Taylor, the natural growth of leisure—would, I suppose, be caviare to a public which requires its history to be seasoned like its viands, and its philosophy to be administered in homeopathic doses. The "great writers" are "boiled down" into shilling volumes. Much might be said, if one had the space, on the place and influence of leisure in literature (you will find a good illustration in "Don Quixote"); but, glancing only at fiction, and English fiction, in passing, we may note with what fidelity our novelists reflect the unrest and skurry of the age; their characters, like amateur actors, can never keep still, but are so incessantly "on the move" that we have no opportunity of distinguishing or remembering their individuality. Turn to "Joseph Andrews" or "Clarissa Harlowe"; and we find that the delightful lingering progress of the action enables us to study every personal detail of the *dramatis personae* until they become our intimate friends and acquaintances, and we know them as we know the "old familiar faces." There is a good deal of the fine grace of leisure in Scott; none of it in his imitators. We recognise it in Thackeray; but not in Dickens. It is present in Jane Austen; never in Charlotte Brontë.

The broad, liberal life of the past, with its charm and beauty, was due to its leisure. The narrow restlessness of the present is owing to the want of it. Even from our amusements the old charm is gone. Our dancers have abandoned the minuet, with all its possibilities of elegant and courteous motions, for the whirling waltz and the mechanical quadrille. The wayfarer no longer strolls in leisurely enjoyment through the fair succession of wood, valley, and lea; but "spins" on his "wheel" along dull macadamised roads, with the high ambition of accomplishing ten or twelve miles an hour. We no longer gather in graceful groups on garden-terraces for airy talk upon books and things and men; but, equipped in many-coloured "flannels," knock balls to and fro in the tennis-court. Into our religion we carry the same eager, impatient, restless spirit. The better classes cannot find the way to heaven without lighted tapers and swinging censers; while the vulgar must have it shown to them by brass bands and shrieking Salvationists. As for our legislation, the pace cannot be fast enough. Three or four big Acts every year, or we mourn over a Session wasted. Then, our feverish, agitated commercial life—but the best commentary upon that is the weekly record of bankruptcies and the cheap justice of the County Courts.

Thus I come round to my starting-point, that the greatest want of the age is leisure—leisure, and the wit and the will to keep it, prize it, and make the best use of it. Leisure—which means moderation and patience, sincerity and contentment. Leisure—which means thought, and measured reflection, and deliberate judgment. Leisure—which means study, and the quiet acquisition of knowledge, and the liberal distribution of it. Leisure—which means culture, and graceful living, and fine manners. Leisure—which means honesty in our work, and delicacy of perception, and fidelity of execution. Leisure—which means modesty in our recreation, and elegance in our conversation. Leisure—which means purity and dignity in our art, calm wisdom and ripe humour in our literature, and reverence in our worship. Leisure—which means as much or as little as the wisdom of a people may put into it. But first let us get our leisure, and then, no doubt, we shall learn how to employ it wisely.

W. H. D. A.

REMARKABLE JOURNEY ACROSS WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

The *West Australian* publishes an account of a remarkable overland journey from Port Lincoln to Perth, performed by Henry Mazzini. Mazzini started from York's Peninsula in January, 1886, with his wife and six children, in search of employment. He had been manager on a sheep station, and lost his employment through the run being cut up into farms. He crossed over to Port Lincoln by steamer, and then began one of the most remarkable journeys ever undertaken by a man with all his domestic encumbrances about him. He had two horses, a van, and £100 in money. His object was to obtain employment. He travelled from station to station westward until he found himself unable to return, and when well into the Australian Bight, he found that the horses would be unable to do the journey if he turned back. He therefore decided to go straight on. He left Port Lincoln in the beginning of 1886, and worked on a station near Esperance from August, 1886, until May, 1887, when he left, cutting straight across the country, and reached Perth on the 8th inst. His children bore up well during the journey, but his wife died shortly after her confinement, near Esperance.

The report has been issued of the emigration committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge for the year 1886-7, and it shows that there has been a considerable increase in the number of emigrants in 1886 over the previous year. In 1885 the total number of emigrants, including foreigners, was 264,385. Of this number 207,644 were British and Irish emigrants. The number in 1886 was 330,801, of whom 262,900 were British and Irish. These figures show a total increase of 66,416, and an increase of 25,256 British and Irish. The emigration committee, in presenting their report, draw attention to the evidence which it affords of the satisfactory progress being made in forging all the links of the chain by which it was hoped more strongly to bind together the Church in the mother country with the Church in the Colonies.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

Mr. Harry Furniss's second appearance as an exhibitionist will confirm the good impression left by his first venture. In the collection of original drawings which, under the title of "Politics and Society," are now on view at the Gainsborough Gallery (25, Old Bond-street), there is less direct satire and mimicry than in his "Royal Academy," and Mr. Furniss shows that he can turn his comparative freedom to good purpose. The versatility of his powers is, perhaps, the quality which strikes us most forcibly in going through this little gallery, filled to overflowing with four hundred sketches in black and white. The title he gives to his show very inadequately describes its contents; for although in the room are to be found the political sketches by which, week after week, the diary of Toby, M.P., is illustrated, and politics are raised from their dreary level, as well as the views of society with which *Punch* refreshes us from week to week; there are also numerous works which call forth the exercise of greater fancy and imagination, as, for instance, the illustrations designed for Mr. James Payn's "Talk of the Town," or those for the "Comic Blackstone"; whilst broader fun finds its outlet in Mr. Burnand's "Incompleat Angler," or in these "Romps" which not only evoke Mr. Furniss's love of fun and mischief, but show him as a keen appreciator of children's natural graces. We must, however, first speak of Mr. Furniss as a political satirist.

The mainstay, or one may more rightly say the backbone, of his success has been his intuitive perception of the foibles of each public character who plays a part in his Parliamentary review. He seems to have carefully worked out his portraits individually before grouping in those scenes which have appeared from time to time in the pages of our contemporary. Our estimate of the personages portrayed does not, we confess, at all times agree with Mr. Furniss's interpretation, and at other times he seems to fail in conveying any very distinct idea of the man or of his idiosyncrasies. But these rare exceptions are chiefly to be found amongst the portraits of the less prominent members of the House of Commons. The pomposity of Sir William Harcourt (*passim*), the self-assertion of Mr. Childers (28), the fussiness of Mr. Conybeare (112), and the dreariness of Sir G. Campbell (223) are admirably suggested; but the Home Secretary, Mr. Matthews (237), and the Chairman of Ways and Means, Mr. Courtney (144), are among the less successful. In the series of Parliamentary views, into which these and other characters are introduced, this unequal treatment is less apparent, for Mr. Furniss throws so much life and reality into the episodes he imagines or depicts, that one cares comparatively little for the actual details, so long as the principal actors assert themselves. This is noticeable in the "Speaker's Farewell" (2), an adaptation of Horace Vernet's Napoleon's Farewell at Fontainebleau; "Question Time" (9), "The Tea-room" (60), and "The Smoking-room" (88), and the like. Far more delicate in treatment and finish is the series of studies of political men done for the *English Illustrated* and *Harper's Magazine*. Among these, "Lord Beaconsfield's last visit to the House of Commons" (232) must be regarded as almost the most successful, conveying, as it does, an accurate likeness of the deceased statesman as he sat in the gallery of the House of which he had for so many years been one of the leaders. Of almost equal finish and interest is the portrait of the late Earl of Iddesleigh (20), but still better is the portrait of that statesman in the group entitled "The House Divides" (244), where, as Sir Stafford Northcote, in company with Mr. Crosse, Lord John Manners, and others, he is passing through the division-lobby.

If we turn from Mr. Furniss's political portraits to his more imaginative work, we find the same strength of drawing, combined with more grace and fancy. "The Lepacaun" (127), a design for Mr. Allingham's poem, is as whimsical as Stoddart could have designed, while the "Real Advantage" (150) and "Husband and Wife" (159), designed for the new edition of the "Comic Blackstone," show that Mr. Furniss can, when he likes, equal Mr. Du Maurier in drawing graceful figures, whilst he has this advantage over his colleague, that he is wedded to no single type of beauty. Amongst the designs for Mr. Payn's novel, those numbered 229 and 255 are, even as compositions, wonderfully complete and artistic; in both the drawing of each separate figure is full of life and force; whilst the single figure, "Marry, I had a sister in a circle" (313), one of the illustrations to the "Incompleat Angler," affords an instance of Mr. Furniss's power of producing graceful effects from very simple materials. We are glad, too, that this exhibition affords us an opportunity of appreciating "The Angler's Dream" (363) on a larger scale than possible in the little volume of which it is the gem. It would have delighted Charles Kingsley to have found so sympathetic an illustrator of his "Water Babies"; whilst "Izaak" himself would have smiled to have seen his fish-lore so cunningly translated.

At the Fine-Art Society's Gallery (148, New Bond-street) the season opens with a collection of drawings by Mr. George Q. P. Talbot, a "pupil," in the non-technical sense of the word, of Mr. Ruskin. The "Sunny South," from Mr. Talbot's point of view, includes a good deal of country not generally included under that term, extending, as it does, from Lake Lemn to Algiers. In some of his sketches of the former, which must also be recognised as amongst his most successful, we can trace very plainly the influence of Mr. Ruskin's teaching; as, for instance, in the "Morning Mist above Montreux" (39), the "Valley of the Rhone" (19) as seen from the lake beyond Villeneuve, and the "Dent du Midi from Montreux" (26). In each of these the artist's careful attention to mountain form and aerial effect is most praiseworthy. In minute attention to details, and in appreciation of colour, Mr. Talbot shows that he has profited by his teacher's lessons, as shown in the "Blue Wall in the Graveyard of Sidi Aberhaman" (42), the "Marabout's Tomb" (31), and in the brilliant study of the "Arab Quarter of Algiers" (71). Works of this sort, which display not merely mechanical precision, but a sympathy with the *genius loci*, raise Mr. Talbot's work far above the level of the mere amateur who, on the return from his travels, empties a portfolio of facile sketches upon the walls of the first gallery which will accord them hospitality. These studies, slight in themselves, and too frequently bearing evidence of having been completed or retouched away from the scene they recall, are, nevertheless, full of interest and promise, and betray a versatility which must frequently leave the artist, when encamped on his sketching-ground, in doubt whether he shall turn his attention to the landscape, or its more prominent details. In addition to the works already named, the visitor's attention is particularly arrested by such works as the "Market-Place, San Remo" (10), "Persian Armour" (41), the "Fisherman's Chapel, Bordighera" (50), the "Midday Street-scene at Algiers" (58), and the "View Across the Lake of Geneva at Sunset" (79), from Montreux.

Steamers arrived at Liverpool last week with live stock and fresh meat from American and Canadian ports as follows:—444 cattle, 7393 quarters of beef, and 108 carcasses of mutton.

NEW BOOKS.

Half a Century of Changes in Men and Manners. By Alexander Innes Shand (W. Blackwood and Sons).—The collective publication of these descriptive essays may have been considered opportune in the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria's reign. The author is not, we believe, old enough to have any personal remembrance of the condition of England at the beginning of the period. He has read of it, apparently, more in the popular works of fiction, which professed to represent English social life forty or fifty years ago, than in precise historical or statistical records. If one should consult mainly the writings of Fielding and Smollett, the "Vicar of Wakefield," or the plays of Cumberland, for an exact knowledge of the state of this country in the eighteenth century, one would scarcely be qualified to compare it, in all points, with the present time. Mr. Shand, however, is an adroit, facile, persuasive writer, skilful in passing references and implied allusions, and master of an effective style, which has no fault but that of being often too rhetorical for the occasion. He reminds us of the positive tone of Macaulay in his entertaining account of all things great and small in England at the period of the Restoration. We cannot but feel it agreeable to be treated with frequent citations from the novelists who amused the elders of this generation; yet it may be questioned whether Bulwer's "Pelham," Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year," and the early works of Thackeray and Dickens, are quite trustworthy documents for grave historical comment. But though Mr. Shand's views of the past are rather superficial, his wide-awake observations of the present, which is of greater practical concern to most of his readers, produce a large collection of lively remarks, gathered from ordinary experience, and from the books and newspapers of this day. The disadvantage of such writing, even when cleverly done, as it is by him, must lie in the certainty that all his facts will have been familiar already to most people living in the same part of the world. Who does not know the growth of London, the habits of club life, railway travelling, steam-boat voyages, the seaside resorts, tours on the Continent, the politics, the public entertainments, the journalism, the favourite novelists, now in vogue? Mr. Shand's best chapters are those on the actual condition of the agriculturists, farmers and labourers, both in England and in Ireland. He gives neat and smart expression to various currently accepted opinions, but with hardly a grain of fresh information.

The Rothschilds: the Financial Rulers of Nations. By John Reeves (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington).—In the social and political history of the nineteenth century, a place of some importance is due to the celebrated Jewish family of money-dealers and contractors for the raising of loans, who have largely profited by the financial neediness of European Governments. These personal memoirs of the Rothschilds of Frankfurt, London, Vienna, Paris, and Naples, from Meyer Amschel Rothschild, the founder of the house, who died in 1812, to those who have been active men of business in our own time, may interest some readers. The sources from which Mr. Reeves has obtained his information are not specified; but we believe that much has been written in France and Germany about the great manipulators of millions, their individual characters, their operations in the money-market and Stock Exchange, and their habits of private life. Such anecdotes are here discreetly treated; and the Rothschilds are generally spoken of in a respectful tone, with frequent testimonies to their honourable conduct in business, at least during the past fifty years, and their liberality to the poor. The most remarkable of the family, in a biographical point of view, was Nathan Meyer Rothschild, who came to England in 1798 to establish the London firm. The young Jew of Frankfurt, with a capital of £20,000, engaged first in the Manchester calico manufacture; but soon undertook the London agency for his father, discounted bills, and went into vast speculations in the Funds. He backed the Allies against Napoleon, managed British war subsidies to their Governments, and personally watched the battle of Waterloo. Having seen the assault of the French Imperial Guards defeated by the squares of British infantry, he was in London, within forty hours, before anybody else knew of the victory. He showed a woe-begone aspect on 'Change, and made everyone believe he was utterly ruined, while his secret agents bought up the rapidly falling stock, and he gained nearly a million sterling. This was one of his many deceitful tricks. Nathan Meyer, indeed, as a financial conqueror, was about as unscrupulous as the great military conqueror of his day: a cold, hard egotist, cynical in temper, rude and coarse in manners, and intensely cunning. We can feel no particular respect either for the memory of this man or for that of Baron James De Rothschild, who in 1812 established the Paris branch of their house, and who rendered valuable services, from 1830, to King Louis Philippe. They were masterful and powerful men, devoid of mental refinement, and with no amiable qualities. Their delight was to overreach and to crush all competitors. The financial dictator of Paris won social favour by profuse magnificence of living, and by ostentatious gifts of charity; but his example, followed by others, had a corrupting influence among the French middle classes, which has not ceased to be pernicious. Some amusing stories of old Nathan Meyer, long current in the city of London, are repeated in this volume, with a caveat against receiving them all for authentic history. He had much "dry humour"—if that phrase be not a self-contradiction—and was capable of the queer sayings and doings reported of him. It is rather more agreeable to recall the memory of the late Baron Lionel De Rothschild, a man of high character and ability, and of the late Baron Meyer De Rothschild and Sir Anthony De Rothschild, who enjoyed much social esteem in England. These three brothers, so well known among us, died, respectively, in 1879, 1874, and 1876; Baron Lionel, the great man of business, was succeeded at St. Swinburn's lane by one of his sons, Sir Nathaniel, the inheritor of his uncle's baronetcy, since raised to the House of Lords; while Mr. Alfred and Mr. Leopold De Rothschild seem to maintain the interest which was taken by Baron Meyer in the liberal patronage of Art, in a gracious hospitality, and in fashionable sports. An account is also given of the remaining foreign branches of this notable family, now represented in Europe by Baron Alphonse, of Paris; Baron Adolphe, of Italy, who has retired from business; and the Vienna house, which is conducted by Salomon Albert Rothschild, his elder brother, Baron Ferdinand, being a naturalised Englishman and a member of the House of Commons. This compilation of memoirs of the Rothschilds is an instructive and useful piece of work.

Athos; or, The Mountain of the Monks. By Athelstan Riley, M.A. (Longmans).—One of the oddest and most curious places in Christendom, though a part of the Turkish Empire, is that romantically-situated corner of Eastern Europe, the peninsula named from Mount Athos, which rises nearly 7000 ft. at its extremity above the Ægean Sea. This piece of hilly land, forty miles long and averaging four miles in breadth, is entirely occupied by some twenty ancient monasteries of the Greek Orthodox Church, enjoying practically the local self-government of an ecclesiastical Republic, though a Kaimakam, or Turkish deputy-governor with his staff, resides at Caryes, and tribute is paid to the Sultan. The whole population, the

laity as well as those under vows of celibacy, is strictly limited to persons of the male sex; and, so far as the most jealous vigilance can avail, female animals of every species are excluded. If any unmarried gentleman—for husbands must not think of it—be intending a brief holiday, and if he feel disposed to escape from ladies' society, to go where he will never see any possible wife, anybody's mother, sister, grandmother, aunt, or lady cousin—let him seek the hospitality of these communities. Mr. Athelstan Riley, a member of the University of Oxford, and the Rev. Arthur E. Brisco Owen, M.A., an ordained priest of the Church of England, do not seem to have been animated by any positive misogynist propensity in choosing to pass six weeks with the monks of Athos. They appear to share, with some other English High Churchmen, including several respected prelates, a wish that there should be more formal recognition of religious fellowship between the Anglican and the Oriental Episcopal communions. We have nothing to say to that, one way or the other; but the institutions of the Greek Church, including its Russian, Bulgarian, and other national or political branches, form a museum of antiquarian, historical, literary, and artistic curiosities, which have some interest apart from theological opinion. Mr. Riley gives a particular description of the separate establishments at Vatopedi, where he and his friend landed, in company with the Greek Archbishop of Cavalla; Caryes, the abode of the ruling Synod elected by the principal monasteries; Pantocratoros, Stavroniketa, Iveron, Philotheou, Caracalla, and Lavra, on the east coast; St. Paul and St. Gregory, Simopetra, Xeropotamou, Russico, and others, on the western side, making a complete tour. Some of these monasteries are certainly as old as the tenth or the eleventh century of the Christian era, having been founded and endowed, at known dates, by the Byzantine Emperors or by other Eastern Princes. They suffered more outrages, probably, from the Crusaders and Western conquerors belonging to the Latin or Roman Catholic Church, than subsequently from the Turks, who have, indeed, since the capture of Constantinople in 1453, granted to Mount Athos protection as well as toleration. The buildings, of which the English visitors took photographs, represented in this volume by very pretty engravings, are vast, solid, irregular, huddled together within their walls of defence, but very picturesque in situation. Nearly twenty churches or chapels, large and small, are contained in the precinct of one of the greater monasteries, which has, besides, its priories or "sketes," and its cells and hermitages, in the neighbouring hills. The interior of the principal churches, with the ornaments and the ritual, is minutely described, as well as the characters, habits, and manners of the monks, who seem to be an honest, ignorant, stupid set of men, leading a very dull sort of life. They have abundance of gross feeding; but their cookery, with the oil, rancid butter, and garlic, severely tried the English palate and stomach. The butter and eggs, of course, are imported commodities; for no cows and no hens are allowed.

THE GOVERNMENT AND FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

At a meeting of the committee of the Friendly Societies Reform Association held last Saturday evening at their rooms, Church-street, Camberwell—Mr. Thomas Teesdale in the chair—correspondence between one of the joint secretaries, Mr. P. O'Leary, and the Prime Minister, was read. In his letter to Lord Salisbury the joint secretary called attention to "the magnitude of friendly societies, both as regards numbers and funds," the incohesiveness of the law under which they are now managed, "and the absolute necessity that existed for a Government inquiry by Royal Commission." He further pointed out the insufficiency of power vested in the Chief Registrar, who ought, in future, to be "represented in Parliament by a responsible Minister able to answer questions as to friendly societies"; and he also directed attention to "the great distrust now existing in the public mind as to friendly societies in consequence of recent revelations," and expressed, on behalf of the association, a hope that "the Government would take the necessary steps during the recess to inform themselves on this subject, so that when Parliament met they shall be able to move for an amendment in the law." To the letter the following reply was received:—"Châlet Cecil, Puy, Dieppe, Oct. 7. Sir,—I am directed by the Marquis of Salisbury to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st inst. and its enclosures. I am to say in reply, that the matter of which you write, which is one of great importance, shall receive his careful consideration.—I am your obedient servant, R. T. GUNTON." The following resolution was passed by the meeting:—"That as the result of the knowledge acquired by this association from various sources, this meeting is of opinion that no reform of the law relating to friendly societies worthy of the name can be effected except on the report of a Royal Commission, which could collect practical information in the several districts where the different societies chiefly operate."

The Free Libraries Act having on Saturday last been adopted at Welshpool, and many of the farmers living in the outlying districts, but who reside within the borough boundary, having raised objections to paying the rate, Lord Powys has intimated his willingness to pay for all his tenants. The property of the Powys Museum and Library, valued at six thousand pounds, will now be presented to the town to form the nucleus of the new library.

The new steamer *Britannia*, of 6500 tons and 7000-horse power, constructed by Messrs. Caird and Co., of Greenock, for the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, made her official trial trip on the Clyde on the 14th inst. The mean speed of six hours' continuous steaming under unfavourable conditions of weather was 16½ knots an hour. The *Britannia* is the second of the large steamers recently added to the Peninsular and Oriental Company's fleet, and selected by the Admiralty to be placed on the list of armed cruisers.

The final meeting of stewards of the Worcester Festival of last month has been held, when the accounts now made up showed that the total amount collected for the Clergymen's Widows and Orphans' Charity amounted to £1011 5s. 6d., which will be equally divided, without deduction, between the three diocesan charities of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester. The total receipts for tickets and books was £1772 4s. 9d., and the total expenditure, £4238, leaving a balance in hand of £535 11s. 6d. to be invested for the charity. There was consequently no call made on the stewards.

The Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund, rendered necessary by the movement for the non-payment of rent in Ireland, was established in May of last year for the purpose of providing materials and selling the work of Irish ladies able to undertake it, of finding situations for others as governesses, companions, lady helps, or clerks, and of rescuing the very aged and infirm from the workhouse, the association being strictly unsectarian and non-political in its object. A meeting was held at Paddington recently, when Mrs. Power Lalor, president of the fund—the Marchioness of Londonderry being patroness—gave a description of the absolute want to which many ladies in Ireland had been reduced through the non-receipt of their rents. It was resolved to appeal to the public for assistance.

A FISHING VILLAGE.

The village lies behind a semi-circular shore, with cliffs on either side, and steep rising ground at its rear. The sea having found a little bit of coast softer than the rest, washed out the corner in which the row of fisherfolks' cottages now stand. The harbour is a creek formed by a burn that falls into the ocean at one side of the semi-circle. There is a constant struggle going on between the fresh and the salt water; the fresh striving to keep the channel open, and the salt just as intent upon closing it up. Useful to the fishermen as both these rivals are, when they get angry—and they are alike addicted to rising in wrath—the boats in the channel have a bad time of it. If the storm comes from the sea, the boats low down the channel are smashed; and with heavy rains the "spate" descends and plays havoc among those that are farther up. The impetuosity of a Highland stream, flooded, must be seen to be fully realised. The water comes down with fearful force, rising in waves, boiling, tearing trees away by the roots, and rolling large stones before it. Looking to-day at that quiet little burn from the "brae-head," nobody would fancy that it sometimes assumes the dimensions of a great river. But such is the case, and frequently the change is accomplished almost in a few minutes. You see a warning wave advancing, flooding the banks, and behind it the waters rising higher and higher. Then the herd-laddies run to where their home-made fishing-rods are concealed, and bring them out, quite reconciled to the rain for the sake of the opportunity it gives them of catching a few trout. They turn stones over, collect a few worms, and begin operations without delay. When the trout take well they are jubilant; but if the catch is disappointing, angler-like, they blame the water saying it is either too dirty or too clear. Their skill may be as defective as their tackle, yet they would never think of tracing failure to such trifles.

How peaceful the shore-side looks to-day, with the smoke rising in columns as high as the brae-head! A few small boats are hauled on the white beach, and a short way below the boats a band of children are playing in the lapping wavelets. They are as happy as can be, every one of them. They have been used to the sea from infancy; nothing pleases them better than to get out in a boat, although the sea has left some of them fatherless. "Old Sandy," with stick in hand, stands at his favourite corner at the end of the village. Sandy's seagoing days are past; but he is still useful as a meteorological authority. He can read the signs of the heavens with wonderful accuracy. For predicting storms, and telling of things that happened when he was young, friends keep him in a plentiful supply of tobacco. He lives with his son-in-law, and informs you that the child whose hand he holds is his "oy"—his grandchild. Nursing grandchildren is now the greatest pleasure of his life. He talks to this little one as if she were a grown-up person, and gives her his reasons for believing that there will be a good "haul" when the boats come ashore. When he finds that the child takes no interest in such matters, he suggests that they should go and see "what the rest is doin'," meaning the children on the beach. Everybody in the village old enough to be of service is busy baiting lines, so Sandy holds himself responsible for the safety of all the children. A victim to rheumatism, he is so very lame that the child makes better headway over the rough stones, and leaves him behind. Finding that the youngsters are in no danger, and perhaps suspecting that they are better able to take care of themselves than he is able to take care of them, he returns to the houses, where before every door the whole family, except its head, who has gone to sea, is out in the sun baiting. This is a laborious work. One or two are shelling limpets or mussels, one "redding" the line, one baiting, one supplying lost or deficient hooks; and should there be more in the family, they also find something to do. Sandy has hardly seated himself on a chair beside one of these groups, before the company of children that he left playing on the shore advances, with one of their number, a little girl, soaking wet, and weeping. She has either fallen into the water or was thrown in. According to her own tale, she was thrown in; but the boy whom she accuses of the offence pleads "Not guilty." Soon all the women in the village are sitting, or—to be strictly correct—standing on the case in solemn assembly. There is a good deal of assertion, and very little argument. The whole that can be proved against the accused is that he has been guilty of similar misdeeds on former occasions; but, as the evidence is insufficient to convict him on this charge, he is dismissed with a caution. The case being now settled, the crowd scatters, and the anxious expression on the children's faces gives place to one of unconcern. Compared with children of the same station in life that live in towns, what beautiful, healthy, sunny faces they have! Not a cloud or trace of premature disappointment do these faces show, and the bare feet and hardy, rounded limbs, displayed by scant clothing, makes the group charmingly picturesque. Although they are warned not to go near the sea again, they are back in half an hour. Sandy cries to them from the top of the beach until he is hoarse, and, as they pay no heed, finally leaves them to their fate.

Later on the noise of feet running over the stones towards the creek announces to the blind man, who is resting himself on the brae-head, that some of the boats have arrived. He sees the scene in imagination, as he used to see it before he lost his sight. Wives, knowing their husbands' boats at a glance, are there waiting with a concerned look, and husbands with the same concerned look are in the boats. When a couple recognise each other there is a mutual smile, in token that their affairs on sea and land are as well as when they parted. It might be otherwise, and they are grateful.

Pleasant as the picture is, on a fine day, when the boats return, frequently they are driven away, and then the scene presents a tragic element. Billows in which no boat could live, sweep across the bay over the beach, and only exhaust their force before the fishermen's doors. The anxiety in the village on account of absent ones is great. Knots of people may be seen exchanging opinions in subdued voices, while the gravity of the situation can be read in their sober looks. From time to time, one steps out to cast a glance towards the brow overlooking the village. The telegraph-office, which is beyond the brow, has been besieged all day by those who wait for the message that possibly may never come. Wearied with delay, yet another party leaves the village for the telegraph office. They find the place already crowded, and a number of persons standing round the open door. After more dreary waiting, the well-known click of the instrument sends a thrill through the expectant throng. The wan faces of the missing men's wives are terrible to behold as they nerve themselves for what fate has in store for them. However, as the telegraphist reads every word aloud as it arrives, they are not kept long in suspense. If the news be good, there is a sudden outburst of lively talk; if ill, the suppressed sobs of mothers, with weeping children clinging around them; the precipitate retreat of young women who have lost their lovers; and the utterly broken-down appearance of older people, speak of the wrecked hopes that are the counterpart of the wreck at sea. J. S.



A TAME LION, ALGIERS.

A TAME LION IN ALGIERS.

Among the various devices by which, in the Mussulman part of the city of Algiers, companies of religious posture-makers, pretended miracle-workers, and wonderful conjurors contrive to extract pecuniary profit from idle crowds of the Arab and Kabyle native population, the exhibition of animals brought from the Desert, and stupefied by artificial processes, is much in vogue. Serpent-charming is frequently exhibited; and a few wretched beasts, naturally of ferocious disposition, have been starved and subdued, by a long course of ill-treatment, reducing them to an abject condition of apparent tameness. The lion of North Africa, even in the wild state, is a poor creature of that species compared with the lion of tropical regions; and a cub reared in close captivity may have all the spirit taken out of him by severe treatment. Popular curiosity, but slightly mingled

with terror, is sometimes indulged by parading one of these miserable animals, with a collar about his neck and thongs attached to it, by which he is held fast. He will perhaps remind the scholar of "Leo Africanus," who was a quaint writer on geography in the sixteenth century, a Moor born in Barbary and baptised a Christian in Granada. This man wrote curious accounts of the Barbary States, Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli. His descriptions of natural history are more surprising than any realities now to be found in those countries. He tells us of a beast called the "dabuh," which is like a wolf, but has the legs and feet of a man, and which digs out dead men from their graves, to devour them, but never hurts the living. The dabuh is so fond of music that, by singing and playing on a drum, he is enticed to leave his den, and will allow himself to be tied with a rope. It may be supposed that the conjurors of Algiers overcome the lion in a similar manner.

THE KALI GHAUT, CALCUTTA.

The ghauts, or steps to the river, on the banks of the Ganges and Hooghly, at Benares and Calcutta, are conspicuous features of those cities, and give access to the sacred stream for Hindoo rites of purification and sanctification, by which many thousands of religious pilgrims seek to atone for their sins, or for those of their deceased parents. The Goddess Kali, the wife of Siva the Destroyer, is one of the most awful personages in Hindoo mythology; she is black, with hair that hangs down to her feet, and with her tongue always thrust out of her mouth; she has four arms, holding in one hand a scimitar, in the other the head of a giant whom she has killed, while the remaining two hands are stretched forth to welcome her worshippers, and to bestow her gifts upon them. This amiable female divinity is adored by the people of Bengal; and her Calcutta temple, on the Kali Ghaut, is much frequented.



THE KALI GHAUT, CALCUTTA.

NOVELS.

The Gay World. By Joseph Hatton. Three vols. (Hurst and Blackett).—The author of "Clytie," "Cruel London," and "The Queen of Bohemia," has won popular favour as a novelist; he has also, as an experienced journalist, gained literary command of the realities of social life, and minute acquaintance with a wide and varied range of facts that soon escape the memory of ordinary newspaper readers. The use of such materials of actual contemporary history in works of fiction is commendable, when discreetly managed, as calculated to give solid substance to the imaginative fabric, which should consist mainly of original conceptions of the individual characters, and of a dramatic development of their relations to one another. In this essential exercise of creative invention, Mr. Hatton's new story is not less original than any of those he had written before. Its chief personages, Eric Yorke, who narrates the transactions of which he is supposed to be a witness and a secondary occasional agent, Mr. and Mrs. Loftus Kennett, Helen Trevor, the step-daughter of Mr. Kennett, and the amiable Jessop family, with Godfrey Jessop, the young hero of scientific exploring adventures in tropical regions, are characters of fiction. But the circumstantial incidents, and the groundwork of the plot, have been mostly procured by incorporating with the lives of these persons several well-remembered events of real occurrence, which are reported in the proceedings of the criminal courts, or which were largely made the theme of public discussion at the time. If the title of this story be taken to indicate the author's main intention, it seems principally designed to illustrate the possibility, in the present state of society, of a family maintaining a splendid style of housekeeping, equipage, and attire, gracefully dispensing a costly hospitality, and providing amusements for fashionable guests, in their town house and in their suburban villa, liberally patronising a multitude of charities and religious objects, enjoying the reputation of great virtues as well as of great riches—till the honoured head of the family is discovered to be a swindler, a forger, or a thief. We know that such instances have repeatedly taken place: the names of three or four such criminals and social impostors, who had practised fraud and robbery for many years, and who had been held in the highest esteem for their supposed probity and their apparent riches, which they lavished in attempts to please the world, are easily recollected. Mr. Loftus Kennett is not meant for any one of those men in particular, whom we do not care to name, but for a type of such men; and his character and position are very little overdrawn. So far, therefore, the novelist adheres to typical truth; while the details of each of the great crimes described, in which this Mr. Loftus Kennett is implicated, are precisely copied from the recorded accounts of notorious affairs of that kind. There were three different crimes, each involving the misappropriation of a large amount of value, of which Mr. Fox, the police detective, tells Mr. Yorke, in the first volume, and which he suspects to have been perpetrated, at long intervals, by one secret gang of confederates. They were actually perpetrated in the exact manner here described, but they were performed by different gangs of malefactors; the robbery of chests of gold on the South Eastern Railway, the theft of diamonds from an iron safe in South Africa, and the conspiracy of Bidwell and others, in 1873, to defraud several banks with forged bills of exchange, had not really any connection. It is, however, quite justifiable, for the purpose of fiction, to suppose all these transactions belonging to a series in which Loftus Kennett and the American Colonel Spelter acted together, and to have supplied the capital on which Mr. Kennett based his extensive financial speculations, enabling him to become a powerful banker and railway director. Having attained that position, his subsequent frauds on the bank, and on the railway company, would be accomplished without much difficulty, aided by the secretary, Mr. Warrington Knott, and by Mr. Seward Short, the cunning lawyer, who does business in a secret way. The plot, on the whole, does not seem to involve any excessive improbability; and this is as much as can be demanded in a novel. The entire series of criminal and fraudulent transactions is supposed to have extended over more than twenty years. In the manner of its final exposure, the most dramatic element is the motive by which Kennett, when already a convict undergoing his sentence for embezzlements, was prompted to turn Queen's evidence against Spelter and the others, and bring them to trial for the gold robbery. This is not a fictitious incident. In the trial of Pierce, Burgess, and Tester for the robbery on the South-Eastern Railway, before Baron Martin, in January, 1857, it appeared that the informer, Agar, then undergoing penal servitude for another offence, had denounced his accomplices, to avenge himself for Pierce's treachery and cruelty to a woman left in his care. The character of Mrs. Kennett, and her great error in choosing to marry for the mere sake of riches, social display, and luxury; her lapse from virtue, and shameless pursuit of a former lover, who refuses to meet her in that way; her habit of intoxication, and her degrading companionship with Spelter, may, unhappily, be

matched among ladies who once attracted the admiration of their acquaintance. Mr. Hatton, so far, has delineated some quite possible figures and scenes in an unsalubrious corner of the background of the "Gay World"; but a pleasing contrast is afforded by the frankness and honesty, the kindness, the generous friendships, the union of pure and loving hearts, on the Jessop side of the story. Eric Yorke, though a very good fellow, will perhaps be considered, at the outset of his confessions, rather a self-indulgent old bachelor, spending all his nights at the club, and consuming wine, punch, whisky, and cigars to excess. It is the more satisfactory to get him reformed and married to Mary Jessop. In Helen, the "Thames Lily" of a celebrated picture, the grace of true womanly spirit, tenderness, fidelity, and high courage, is combined with fine manners and a genius for art. The love between her and Godfrey is of a quality to harmonise nobly with the resolve that he shall go forth on his dangerous mission to an unexplored isle of the Eastern Archipelago. Mr. Hatton, as our readers are aware, in his own sorrowful family experiences, has had too much cause to feel what it is to risk, and in his own case to lose, a beloved life in such an expedition.

Weeping Ferry. By George Halse. Two vols. (Hurst and Blackett).—The merits of this agreeable story of English country life are the ingenuity with which its plot is gradually brought out, the frank and abundant kindness of its tone, except with regard to one or two wicked villains, and its respectful sympathy with honest labouring folk, besides a good deal of sly humour, and a strong relish for contriving finesse employed in a beneficent pursuit. The real hero is a clever gentleman named Lomax, who has been trained in a respectable London solicitor's office, but is now at leisure to undertake the mission of a volunteer detective for the redress of certain ancient wrongs in the neighbourhood of Kesterton. He prosecutes his researches, also, in the villages of Steeple Magnus and Perrydale, while his head-quarters are in the manufacturing town of Millborough. The estate and mansion of Kesterton Manor, since the death of good Squire Blake, have fallen into the hands of his nephew, Captain Ordway. He is a military man from India, who is detested for his pride, hard-heartedness, and grasping, unscrupulous, vindictive treatment of his neighbours. This obnoxious new landlord has a worthy confidential agent, Michael Hone, even more desperately wicked than himself, an intriguing hypocrite, capable of the most heinous crimes. But Mr. Lomax, a few years earlier, had been an intimate friend of Mr. Stephen Blake, the late Squire's son, who was killed by an accident; and he had, while in the office of Messrs. Toker, in Lincoln's Inn, become minutely acquainted with the affairs of the family estate. He therefore comes to the neighbourhood, intent on discovering facts which would, if legally proved, destroy Captain Ordway's title to the inheritance. As an excuse for asking many questions, and making careful shorthand notes, on matters of private history, he passes for a literary author seeking materials for a romance. He also, upon one occasion, feigns to be an enthusiastic entomologist, that he may explore, under the pretence of moth-hunting, the sequestered thicket of Sandy Eyot, adjacent to Weeping Ferry, remembering that Stephen Blake once lost a pocket-book there. The ferryman, old Peter Ray, is a fine rustic character, whose simple uprightness, integrity, and fidelity do not protect him from being unjustly turned out by his tyrannical landlord, at the instigation of Mr. Hone. A young girl named Effie has been brought up at the ferry as Ray's daughter; she is brave, intelligent, good, and charming. Two or three persons are in love with her; but as for Sidney Lomax, while he esteems and admires her, his patient labours in her interest are purely unselfish, and he favours the suit of a younger man, Arthur Merriford, the engineer. We refrain from describing here the curious links of evidence, circumstantial, personal, and documentary, which Lomax obtains in a very skilful manner, proving that Mr. Stephen Blake, eighteen years before, had privately married, and that he had, unknown to himself, a daughter who has survived him. The process of collecting and putting together these various scraps of information, and the defeat of criminal attempts to conceal them, make the best parts of the story, introducing several effective characters, a village innkeeper and his wife, a carrier, a blacksmith, a workhouse pauper, and Mrs. Bowser, who takes care of the parish church. The fate of Michael Hone might seem well deserved, but for the Shakspearian proverb that a man born to be hanged is not to be drowned. Mr. Halse, at any rate, provides us in this novel with sound and wholesome entertainment, for which he deserves the thanks of his readers.

Cradled in a Storm. By Theodore A. Tharp. One vol. (J. and R. Maxwell).—A prefatory dialogue between the writer and his supposed informant warns us that this is a "strange" and "extraordinary" story. It is a grim and ghastly one, constructed in an unusual form, which serves to prolong the development of a complicated plot. There is first an historical prologue, in which old General Crutwell, of Gaunchester Haugh, whose daughter Mariana had married a

young medical man of doubtful character, named Waller Freith, receives her coming back to him in disgrace and despair; she tells him that she has stabbed her husband. She has been severely bitten by a dog at the gate, and is in dread of madness; she gives birth to a child, and soon afterwards drowns herself. The husband, who has recovered from his wound, then reappears, but presently departs, and is destined in future to become, under a false name and disguise, the prime villain of the principal story. This is continued, nineteen years later, in the autobiography of Mattie Freith, the daughter of Mariana, brought up at Gaunchester Haugh by her aged grandfather. She has a lover, Athol Kelso, son of the neighbouring parson, and her playmate from childhood, but much disliked by General Crutwell. She has also a French governess, Lola La Touche, who has accompanied her from a school at Paris. Athol enters the Army, and goes to India. The General has now a mysterious visitor, said to be a Hungarian officer, Captain Zollern, who gains much power over the old man, and whose continued presence is alarming to the young ladies. He privately tells Miss Freith that he knew her father, who was a gambler and drunkard, and who has recently died of delirium tremens; he knows, too, the sad fate of her mother. His behaviour to Lola is suspiciously familiar. When Athol returns from India, bitter quarrels on his account take place between the harsh old grandfather and Mattie Freith. They are terminated by a shocking tragedy: the General is found dead in his room, evidently murdered; and Mattie, at the same time, disappears from Gaunchester Haugh. The remainder of the story is narrated by Athol Kelso. There is an inquest, at which it appears that the old man's forehead was pierced by the sharp edge of a heavy letter-weight, found with blood still on it, after a violent quarrel with his granddaughter. She and Miss La Touche have fled; the foreign Captain gives plausible evidence, and is found, on reading the General's will, to have got a bequest of nearly all his property. The General had missed a pocket-book containing notes for £9000, which he accused Mattie of stealing; but he, in fact, being a sleep-walker, had unconsciously hidden it near her mother's tomb. She is visited by Athol in her place of refuge, a lonely cottage on Exmoor, but is soon arrested by the police under a charge of manslaughter. Before she can be put on trial, astonishing discoveries are made concerning Zollern, who proves to be no other than Dr. Waller Freith, Mattie's own father. His disguise had imposed on the General; and it is by him that the General has been murdered as well as defrauded. Miss La Touche, with whom the scoundrel had an improper intimacy, was his accomplice in some part of his less heinous intrigues. As it would not look well for the heroine's father to be hanged, though he is all but strangled by Athol, his predestined son-in-law, the author sends him to penal servitude, and gets him shot in an attempt to escape. Athol and Mattie, being happily married and settled in Gaunchester Haugh, are lucky enough to find the lost packet of bank-notes, and the poor old General is not much lamented.

Unrest; or, The New Republic. By W. Earl Hodgson. One vol. (W. H. Allen and Co.).—The title is manifestly suggested by "The New Republic" of Mr. W. H. Mallock, to whom this volume is dedicated; and it mainly consists, like its prototype, of pretended discussions on grave ethical, metaphysical, theological, and political questions, between persons whose actual notoriety is but transparently disguised, and who might justly complain of the impertinent travesty of opinions imputed to them. "Mr. Mallock" may like it or not, and the author may, or may not, have asked his consent; but the "Right Hon. A. J. Hopeford Breere," "Mr. Holton," of the *Speculator*, "Mr. Woodgreen," "Mr. Laustin," "Mr. Hopekirk," "Mrs. L. Ninton," and others whose names are slightly altered from those of real personages well known in the literary world, have probably not been consulted. Mr. Earl Hodgson must have intended them to be recognised; and he has, in describing a lady, among those above-mentioned, as the heroine of a fictitious adventure with Mr. Frank Symer, perpetrated a gross social offence. His book, regarded as a work of inventive fancy, merits the contempt of all readers with any taste or judgment: the story of Arthur Drim and his preposterous hallucination is intensely silly; and the indecent introduction of a common prostitute, whom Arthur picks up in Piccadilly, and to whom he engages himself for marriage, is extremely repulsive. The author is seemingly incapable of discerning the limits of propriety, or those of probability in the narrative of incidents and consistency in the delineation of characters. Where he endeavours to be most amusing, in the rough-and-tumble fight between the Rev. Mr. Saunders and Mr. Buckle, the special correspondent of a London newspaper, and in the Dunain election meeting, his deficiency of genuine humour is most apparent. As for the pretentious reports of philosophical orations and debates among the guests at Gordon Hall, they show that he has caught some current phrases of controversy, and that is all.

AN IMPORTANT INVESTIGATION.

(From *The Dublin Irish Times*.)

There being so much said, both in the Irish and English press in favour of an article now being largely used and recommended in Ireland, we determined to make our own investigation, and learn for ourselves if one half that was said was true, or whether or not it was one of those gigantic advertising schemes, the magnitude of which in these modern times fairly takes one's breath away. Our first informant was Mr. R. Stratford Tuite, Justice of the Peace, and Captain of the 4th Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers, of Granard, county Longford, who stated:—"I suffered dreadfully with a sprained ankle, and tried many things without much success. To add to my woes, rheumatism set in around the region of the part affected, and this left me a complete cripple. I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil. The effect after three applications was simply marvellous; the pain at once departed, and has not since returned. A lady afflicted with pains in the back, of long standing, used the remaining contents of the bottle with best results. I think it only due as a matter of justice to say this much in favour of what I believe is undoubtedly a sure and certain 'pain-killer.'"

The following from Mr. John M. Campbell, proprietor of the Adair Arms Hotel, Ballymena, speaks for itself. Mr. Campbell is well known in connection with the above hotel, and his testimony can be relied upon. He writes that it is with much pleasure he acquaints us with the great change that he has experienced from the application of St. Jacobs Oil, the remedy in question; that it would be hard to conceive anything to work a cure so rapidly, and that on application his leg seemed to be experiencing an electric shock. After years of rheumatic gout, or rheumatism, he says, he is now without pain; and, further, that he has used the oil for cramp and croup on his children, and found it most efficacious. The remedy seems also to have a magical influence over sprains and bruises.

Sergeant Jeremiah Maher, of the Ardceath Royal Irish Constabulary, Garristown, county Dublin, writes:—"I have much pleasure in informing you that my friend Mr. Thomas Hand, who has been a great sufferer from rheumatism in the back and joints for the last four years, during which time he has employed many different methods of treatment, but obtained no relief whatever, and for the last two years has been unable to walk without a stick, and sometimes two sticks, and in great pain constantly, when hearing of the wonderful cures effected by St. Jacobs Oil, I induced him to procure a few bottles, which he applied with the most astonishing and marvellous effects. Before he had finished using the contents of the first bottle he could walk readily without the aid of a stick, and after a few applications from the second bottle he was free from pain, and has been ever since, and, although fifty years of age and a farmer, he can walk and work without experiencing any pain or difficulty whatever. This being such a remarkable, complete, and wholly unexpected cure, my friend Mr. Hand and myself shall consider it our duty from this on to recommend the oil to anyone we know to be in pain."

Mr. David Sloan, of 53, Solway-street, Newtownards-road, Belfast, in a recent interview with Mr. John H. Shaw, the well-known and popular merchant, of 120, Newtownards-road, stated that his son, who had suffered intensely for four years from rheumatism in the legs, arms, and back, and who had tried many different remedies without obtaining relief, procured a supply of St. Jacobs Oil, which he caused to be rubbed on the afflicted parts. After four applications he was entirely free from pain, and is now quite well.

Kate Hanley, of Ballyhane, Castlebar, county Mayo, says:—"I write to let you know of the almost miraculous

cure which my mother has experienced from using the invaluable St. Jacobs Oil. She had suffered for over two years with a severe pain in her right shoulder which rendered her hand almost powerless; she had always to be assisted in dressing, and could never lie on her right side at night. We tried several remedies, but they were all quite useless. A friend recommended St. Jacobs Oil, and she had scarcely more than half the contents of the bottle used when she was quite well, not a trace of the pain left, and she can use her arm as usual. She is seventy-nine years of age, and we consider her cure complete. I gave the remainder of the contents of the bottle to a friend suffering from severe toothache, and it afforded instant relief."

M. J. Calahan, surgeon, of Tipperary, Ireland, writes:—"For the sake of suffering humanity, and in justice to the St. Jacobs Oil Company, I deem it only fair to send you particulars of one of the many cures effected in this locality by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. The Rev. Father Keane, P.P., suffered intense agony for a long time. His case was pronounced sciatia, and for week after week he was attended by a professional M.D. Poor Father Keane was a martyr to his ailment, as well as to the firing and blistering of the medical man, to whom he said at the end—'I am nothing relieved after all your treatment,' to which the medical man assented. Fortunately, a priest from England called on him and induced him to send for a supply of St. Jacobs Oil. In three days after beginning to use the oil, he was completely cured, and now attends to his duties regularly."

Mr. A. W. Wallace, of Gort, county Galway, writes:—"For years I have suffered the most intense rheumatic pains, during which time I have been prescribed for by our most eminent physicians, all to no purpose. Learning of the great value of St. Jacobs Oil in rheumatic complaints, I procured a bottle, the contents of which allayed all pain. Long live St. Jacobs Oil!"—Mr. Thomas O'Connor, cooper, of Beale, county Kerry, says:—"Before I began using St. Jacobs Oil my knee was twice its natural size—very stiff and painful, and I was unable to walk or stand. The first application of this famous oil removed all pain, and, continuing its use one week, the swelling disappeared entirely, and I can walk as well as ever."—The father of Mr. Daniel Lineham, Mallow, county Cork, suffered from rheumatism, and was unable to find relief for six years. From one application of St. Jacobs Oil he received marked benefit, and in a week all pain left him, and he was cured.—Mr. Michael Cross, draper, Bank-place, Tipperary, was unable to attend to his business on account of severe rheumatic pains in his arms and legs. St. Jacobs Oil was in the end applied to the afflicted parts, and in three days the pain entirely disappeared, and the sufferer was fully restored.

The above are only a few of the many replies received to our numerous inquiries. All speak in high praise of the marvellous results obtained from using St. Jacobs Oil as an outward application for pain. Knowing that our readers would like to learn the views of the Dublin chemists respecting the virtues of this magical oil, our reporter was instructed to interview some of the most prominent in the trade; among others Messrs. R. Simpson and Co., of 16, Henry-street, were called upon, and in reply to our reporter's inquiry, Mr. R. Simpson, the senior partner, said—"Oh, yes; St. Jacobs Oil is the most popular remedy which we now sell. People everywhere speak in the highest terms of its great and marvellous pain-killing properties. The demand for the oil is simply unprecedented in the history of proprietary medicines. Why, would you believe it," said Mr. Simpson, "our last order for St. Jacobs Oil was for 600 dozen, or 7200 bottles; it is no uncommon thing for us to sell 100 dozen, or 1200 bottles, in a single week, and you can rest assured that no medicine would have this enormous sale unless it possessed actual merit."

Thanking Mr. Simpson for his valued information, our reporter took his departure, having satisfied himself that the praise bestowed on St. Jacobs Oil was richly deserved, and that, after all, it was honest, and not one of those gigantic advertising schemes gotten up to make money.

IN THE PALACE

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE VENDORS

IN THE COTTAGE

BEECHAM'S

BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Are admitted by thousands to be worth a Guinea a Box for Nervous and Bilious Disorders, such as wind and pain in the stomach, sick headache, giddiness, fulness and swelling after meals, dizziness and drowsiness, cold chills, flushings of heat, loss of appetite, shortness of breath, costiveness, scurvy, blotches on the skin, disturbed sleep, frightful dreams, and all nervous and trembling sensations, &c. The first dose will give relief in twenty minutes. This is no fiction, for they have done it in thousands of cases. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be **WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.**

For females of all ages these Pills are invaluable, as a few doses of them carry off all humours, and bring about all that is required. No female should be without them. There is no medicine to be found to equal BEECHAM'S PILLS for removing any obstruction or irregularity of the system. If taken according to the directions given with each box, they will soon restore females of all ages to sound and robust health.

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

For a weak stomach, impaired digestion, and all disorders of the liver they act like "MAGIC," and a few doses will be found to work wonders upon the most important organs in the human machine. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the long-lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and arouse in action with the ROSE-BUD of health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "FACTS" admitted by thousands, embracing all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the nervous and debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS have the largest sale of any patent medicine in the world.

Prepared only, and sold Wholesale and Retail, by the Proprietor, T. BEECHAM, Chemist, St. Helens, Lancashire, in Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. Sent post-free from the Proprietor for 15 or 35 stamps. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers in the United Kingdom.

N.B.—Full directions are given with each Box.

PILLS

IN BOXES 13 1/2 & 2/9 EACH

AT SEA

IN THE STUDY

WITH STANLEY ON THE CONGO.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

PART II.

Some few years ago, when my Central African correspondent had returned safely to London, after a series of remarkable adventures at the Antipodes (as a gold-miner; at sea, before the mast; in Borneo, as a collector of tropical specimens of natural history; and, later, as an officer of the Bornean Association), he confided to me the secret of his ambition. It was to see service under Stanley. Fever, hunger, dangers from knife and poisoned arrows, shipwreck in the Pacific—nothing had tamed his young, adventurous spirit. I introduced him to the Congo chief, under whose auspices he desired to visit Central Africa. The result was an appointment to serve the King of the Belgians, in his Majesty's capacity as the head of the Free State. His first letters were of a pessimistic character. They seemed to suggest a want of opportunity for English officers to rise under Belgian rule; and they predicted, at no distant day, troubles with the Arabs at the Falls. It was at Lukunga that he wrote of fighting-gear going thither, and of his hopes of being able to accompany the expedition. He was enthusiastic about the future of the country; but fancied, English-like, that it required for its speedy success more Englishmen in positions of authority. Everybody seemed to be waiting for Stanley to come and put things right. Whether he had any special information to go upon, or it was the result of observation, his warning, to look out for an Arab descent on the more remote stations of the Association, was fully justified. The letter which I received from his friend Glave, in March of this year, refers to the fulfilment of the young traveller's prediction. "Of course," says Glave, "you have heard of the affair at the Falls. Captain Deane, being attacked by overwhelming forces, fought the Arabs until all his cartridges were finished. Then all his men, except four, deserted him. He had to burn the station and get away. He lived on roots and insects for thirty days in the bush. At last he was rescued by one of our boats. He was in a terrible plight, as you may imagine; but the fine old gentleman is made of iron, and is pulling round again, and by this time will, I suppose, be in England."

Early in the present year Mr. Ward announced to me the commencement of his journey homewards. He had obtained leave of absence for a vacation in Europe, and had made arrangements to visit his father (Mr. Rowland Ward, the well-known naturalist, formerly of the Strand), who is settled on an extensive fruit-farm in California. Following this intimation came a letter headed "Emin Bey Relief Expedition, Matade Station," and dated April 3, 1887, which ran as follows:—

"You will be astonished to hear that my plans are changed. Instead of returning to you all I am turning round the other way and going with Stanley and the Emin Bey Expedition."

"I was on my way down country to embark for Old England. About two days from here I met two armed Assyrians. Immediately behind them, and mounted on a fine mule whose new-plated trappings glistened in the sun, was Stanley himself. Behind him came a Soudanese giant, about 6 ft. 6 in. high, bearing a large American flag. I saluted 'The Congo King.' He smiled, and indicating the bare ground, said, 'Take a seat.' We squatted accordingly. He handed me a cigar. We talked for about half an hour. He was very nice and kind. He accepted me as a volunteer (I had previously, as you know, written to him), and it was at once arranged that I should proceed down to this place and see to the transport of some of his remaining loads. I have done so, and now leave here to overtake him in four days."

"Of the eight whites he has with him two have contributed to the expenses of the expedition for the privilege of accompanying him through 'the heart of Africa,' and the others are English (how refreshing!) officers on full army pay as volunteers."

"I never in my life was so struck with any sight as with Stanley's caravan on the march. Egyptians, Soudanese, Somalis, Zanzibaris, and others, nine hundred strong. It took me two hours to pass them, and then I met the second in command, Major Barttelot, a young fellow, burnt very dark, with a masher collar fixed on a flannel shirt, top-boots, &c. He was carrying a large bucket that some fellow had abandoned. 'I say, are you Ward?' he shouted. 'I am Ward,' I said, 'and I now belong to your expedition.' 'I am very glad to hear it,' he replied; 'Stanley has spoken of you, and so you are coming along; that's right!—very good business!' He seemed to be full of tremendous spirits, looked very fit, and I admired him immensely."

"Tippoo Tib, the notorious slave-trader of Stanley Falls, has come round from Zanzibar with Stanley, and in his siken robes, jewelled turban, and kriss, looks a very ideal Oriental potentate. It is thought 'good business,' as Captain Barttelot would say, getting him for an ally. He had forty-two of his wives along with him. Some of them are handsome women. One little stout lady, decked out in magnificent costume, appeared to be rather free in her behaviour, I thought; she winked at me, decidedly. I gave her two fowls, and we parted on a friendly footing."

"I think some of those little Congo sketches might now be published in the 'Illustrated,' because, if I come out of this alive, I can make something out of my work as a whole, and we can spare a few sketches, eh?"

"There are many difficulties about this expedition which I can tell you privately, and will, but not for publication. Some of the trouble has already begun I hear from the front. But Stanley is a great chief. Anyhow, I am in for a hard eighteen months. Good-bye!"

There followed upon this letter a perfect cargo of trophies of the chase, implements of husbandry, weapons of war, fetish idols, native head-gear, armlets, necklets, mats, and other curios, together with some notes relating to habits and customs which, at the present moment, are of more than common interest. Among the fetish idols are curious examples, not only notable on the score of their superstitious significance, but from the remarkably artistic way in which some of them are carved. The grinning, seated figure, for instance, is cut from a solid block of a soft, easily-manipulated wood. The idol is coloured with a pigment resembling what scenic artists know as distemper. The body is white; the face a dark yellow; the head gear nearly black; the seat, or throne, untouched. The sculptor may almost be said to exhibit in his work a knowledge of anatomy. The elbow joint is correctly indicated; the lips are drawn back from the teeth with remarkable truthfulness to life. Two front teeth are artistically broken. With the exception of the fingers, the rest of the body is very roughly cut. The teeth are distempered white, and the eyes are made out in black and white. The figure is about 20 in. high. There are others three times this size—one full of a calm dignity, almost Egyptian in its repose; and another of a woman nursing an infant. The figures of several of these idols were given in the *Illustrated London News* of Oct. 8. A smaller figure, representing a man hanged, is carved in hard wood. The eyes are a kind of white porcelain enamel, fixed

into the wood with much skill. The tongue protrudes; there is an expression of agony in the face; the right hand clutches at the rope round the neck; the forehead retreats sharply; the lips are thick; the nose is of the flat negro type. Mr. Ward does not say in what this fetish is considered to be propitious, or otherwise; nor, indeed, does he describe the virtues of the rest; but he had much palavered to induce the natives to part with them. A figure with the feathers in its head is a comical subject. Its eyes are represented by bits of looking-glass, and in its manly bosom is inserted a mirror. With the exception of the cannibal table-utensils previously referred to, most of the articles designed for domestic service and agricultural purposes, and all that are intended for warlike array, betoken an artistic feeling far beyond the general arts and sciences of savage life. There are spoons carved in ivory that are quite dainty in design and workmanship, spear-handles beautifully ornamented, gourds for wine or water of almost classical shape and decoration, baskets of quaint wickerwork, and skull-caps of netted grass that might be worn in Europe as travelling or smoking caps. Some of the matting is finely-woven; and did anyone ever see more artistic cow-bells? They are of carved wood. Their clappers are wood, and when shaken they make a soft musical sound. The pottery of both the Upper and Lower Congo is primitive but shapely. The natives have no potter's wheel, it seems. All their bowls and jars are made in basket-moulds, or shaped with the hands. Their powder-flasks are of novel design. Some of them are "fetish." There are quaint figures, constructed to hold powder. They are cleverly contrived, with well-fitting lids and stoppers. All of these which I have received, even the simplest, are carved and constructed with a view to be both ornamental and useful. I have samples of tobacco-pipes with carved bowls of both wood and stone, the stems of reeds and bone; the illustration herewith is an excellent specimen, the ears of the figure-head having pendants of stringed beads. The ivory spoon is about four inches long, harmonious in its proportions, exquisitely carved, and its colour the rich deep brown of old ivory. The Ba-téké children—Mr. Johnston says—"discourse melody from a form of marimba, an instrument of widespread range, which in principle is so many slips or keys of metal arranged along a sounding-board." Three of these instruments which I have received from Mr. Ward were sketched in my previous notes. They are about six to eight inches in length, and three to four broad. They are provided each with metal bars tempered by fire and hammer into a highly metallic elasticity, and when pressed sharply down with the finger spring back and give a clear, distinct tone. They are evidently tuned to produce certain notes, each instrument differing in scale as if designed to be played in harmony with each other. I cannot pretend to give anything like a scientific description of them, but I can quite imagine that—as Mr. Johnston says—"when twanged" by practised hands "they yield very sweet sounds." One of them in my possession is constructed merely of a piece of flat wood with strong pieces of reed or ratan for the notes, and the sounds which it produces are soft and clouded, something like the music of the wooden cow-bells as compared with the metallic ring of the English sheep-bell. The notes of the marimba are certainly far more pleasing than those produced from the musical instruments of Japan and China. The Congo (Upper and Lower) knives, spear, and arrow-heads are of various and artistic forms; and the arrows are constructed on the most horribly scientific principles of torture. The natives make many fancy articles, which are also useful, from the shells of nuts and the husks of fruits, and their pipes are of curious and grim designs.

"The owl," writes my correspondent, "is esteemed by most tribes in this region of Lukunga as a bird of ill-omen. It is, indeed, credited with being the bearer of an evil spirit which is sometimes sent by an enemy or evil-disposed person to work mischief. For example, one day the King of Kanganpaka (an old rascal, who will one day have to give an account of many a deed of bloodshed and poisoning) visited the Livingstone Inland Mission, his face the very picture of misery and despair. 'What has happened?' he was asked. There was a long silence. In a whisper he replied that the people of a neighbouring town had during the night sent a bad bird, N'Kissi, or spirit in the shape of an owl, which had bewitched his plantain-trees near one of his houses, and had blighted them. The missionary asked how the King knew that the bad spirit had come. He replied, still in a mysterious whisper, that he had heard it. 'What had he heard?' 'It was like a bird,' he said, and he described the whirring noise of the flight of an owl; adding that directly afterwards his plantain-trees were blighted. Upon examining the trees, the missionary found they had been injuriously affected. It was as if they had been struck with lightning. Everyone of them was blackened and apparently dead. As this occurred in the long dry season, when lightning is almost unknown, the mischief had been done by some chemical agency, probably only known to the N'Ganga, or medicine man. The old King begged for some 'mundili,' or white-man medicine, to counteract the influence of the bad spirit. The missionary produced some Keating's insect powder. It was explained to the King that the powder was only good for the destruction of noxious insects; but he took the packet away and sprinkled it upon the bewitched trees, and soon afterwards new plantains shot up from the roots of the blackened stumps, and it has been a difficult matter ever since to convince the King that Keating's influence is confined to the destruction of insects. The owl occupies, you see, the same position on the Lower Congo as it did in the eyes of the ancient Romans. Pliny regarded it as inauspicious. Some English poets are down upon it; so are the Chinese, who say the noise which the bird makes is like the digging of a grave, and is a sure sign that those who hear it will soon die."

Mr. Ward gives me an account of the Nkimba ceremonies, somewhat differing from Mr. Johnston's interesting narration. Mr. Johnston associates the ceremonies undergone by the youth of certain districts of the Lower Congo with a certain Bacchanalian worship, and thinks the young men introduced into the curious ceremonies of the Nkimba are undergoing circumcision, a rite which seems to be generally practised. Mr. Ward says the Nkimba business is a kind of masonic ceremony. "All the lads of a town (or group of towns), from ten to twelve years of age, go through an educational course lasting from six months to two years. During this time they are not allowed to wash themselves. They disfigure their bodies with chalk, and wear a hideous dress of grass. The women and children of the towns are in continual fear of the Nkimba, who are allowed to parade through the towns at any time of the night or day. Any article of food or clothing required by them can be appropriated without question if only the things belong to a 'mungwala,' or uninitiated person. At the initiation ceremony the candidate is required to drink a certain potion, which renders him insensible. He is then declared to be dead, and is carried into the bush. After a while he is restored, and by the simple townspeople he is believed to have been raised from the dead. He then receives a new name, and he professes not to be able to remember his former tribe or even his parents. The Nkimba declare the rainbow is their father. They adopt a new language, and it is during this

period that circumcision is performed and other practices indulged in which it is impossible to suggest, much less describe." It is evident that Mr. Johnston's supposition as to the character of these semi-religious ceremonies is correct. In regard to the mysterious language which the Nkimba are taught, he says it is never disclosed to females, and as yet no European has been able to examine its nature. "It is possible that it may be some older and more archaic form of the Bantu language, conserved for religious purposes—like the Sanskrit, the old Sclav, Slavonic, and the Latin; or it may be nothing more than an arbitrary transmogrification of words such as is found in the Mpongwe, or in such artificial dialects as the Ki-nyume of Zanzibar. A Nkimba before initiation is called 'mungwala,' and afterwards 'tungwa.' I cannot guess at the etymology of these terms in any way, unless a suggestion of a far-off relationship with 'longwa'—to be taught, to learn—be of any use."

It will be in place to add, by way of concluding these miscellaneous notes, that Mr. Stanley left England on his present expedition in February of this year. He went to Zanzibar to finish his preparations. After consulting with Dr. Junker and Nubar Pasha at Cairo, he decided to approach his great undertaking by way of the Congo. The Egyptian Government were in favour of the better known Zanzibar route. Stanley hoped to reach his destination before Mwanga, King of the Uganda, should learn of his design, this monarch's hostility being the most to be feared of any other obstruction. Mwanga's predecessor, it will be remembered, was Stanley's great friend. The most delightful chapters in "Through the Dark Continent" are those which deal with Mtesa's empire, now, it is feared, inimical to the advance. If Stanley gets through the Uganda territory without fighting, as he calculates to do, it will be a greater triumph for his skill than any he can win in battle. Hitherto, the native chiefs and kings have been no match for him in the art of diplomacy. It remains to be seen how he comes off with Mwanga, King of Uganda. Not the least of Stanley's peaceful victories was his conversion of the former King to Christianity, though he never attempted to hide from himself that "the conversion was merely nominal, and that to continue the good work in earnest, a patient, assiduous, and zealous missionary would be required." A few months' talk of Christianity, Stanley felt, while it was attractive enough to Mtesa, was not enough to eradicate the evils which thirty-five years of brutal, sensuous indulgence had stamped on the Imperial mind. Mtesa was intelligent enough, but he was a selfish, tyrannical, dishonest Emperor; the one redeeming feature in his character being his admiration for white men. The people of Uganda are one of the finest of the African races. They are well built, tall, cleanly, and warlike. "Their cloths are of finer make than the other peoples of Africa; their habitations are better; their spears are the most perfect in Africa, and they exhibit extraordinary skill and knowledge of these deadly weapons; their shields are such as would attract admiration in any land; while their canoes surpass all canoes in the savage world."

Emin Bey, to whose relief Stanley is marching, was appointed by General Gordon, Governor of Equatorial Africa about three years ago. He has held his own in spite of tremendous odds, and while surrounded by the enemy. His headquarters at Wadelai are cut off from civilisation chiefly by hostile Uganda; or, at all events, this savage empire is the key, and, at the same time, the barrier of communication with the garrison. The latest letters, I believe, received from Emin Bey by Dr. Junker, bore date July, 1886, at which time he held, besides Wadelai, nine other fortified stations on the Nile from Lada to Wadelai, and Faliko to the East, with 1500 Soudanese soldiers, 10 Egyptians, and 15 black officers, 20 Coptic clerks, and a great many white women and children. He believed his ammunition would, in July of last year, give out in six months; but he thought he could hold out half a year longer if he were not attacked by wild tribes. The six months of possibility, therefore, came to an end in July of this year; but it is believed that the plucky Austrian still "holds the fort." Mr. Stanley's force, which embarked on Feb. 27 at Zanzibar, consisted of, besides himself, Dr. Parker, of the Army Medical Department, 9 European officers, 61 trained Soudanese soldiers, 13 Somalis, 3 interpreters, 620 Zanzibaris, Tipu Tib and 40 of his people—besides the wives mentioned by my correspondents, let us hope. Couriers were sent on to Uganda and to Stanley Falls, and it was arranged that Tippoo Tib's force should proceed from Kasongo to the latter place to meet the chiefs, and, if time permitted, that the Arabs were to march with Stanley to Lake Albert, while the advance force pushed on immediately after disembarkation for Wadelai. Such were the arrangements, such the disposition of the forces at the commencement of this adventurous and philanthropic enterprise. We have had encouraging reports of the progress of the expedition, and we have had despatches announcing the violent death of its chief. There is every reason to doubt the authenticity of this untoward news; but the merest hint of disaster makes the entire civilised world look with intense anxiety for the next tidings of Stanley and his heroic band.

Lord Stanley of Preston, President of the Board of Trade, last week opened the new park, baths, and infirmary presented to Northwich by the late Mr. Robert Verdin, M.P.

The Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief has given permission to the 1st Surrey Rifle Volunteers to furnish a guard of honour at the Guildhall on Nov. 9. The Lord Mayor-Elect served for some time in the regiment.

At the weekly meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works yesterday week it was resolved to contribute a moiety, not exceeding £152,500, of the cost of acquiring the land comprised in the Hampstead-heath Enlargement Act. It was also resolved to contribute £25,000 towards the purchase of Clissold Park, Stoke Newington.

Sir George Edwards, the Mayor of Bristol, at a Town Council meeting yesterday week, stated that the total sum collected in that city towards the Jubilee celebrations was £5900, of which £2000 had been sent to the Imperial Institute. The treats to the aged poor and children, &c., had covered £2600, and there was then £1300 left towards providing a statue of her Majesty.

Dr. Self, Master of the Clothworkers' Company, yesterday week opened the new wing of the Keighley Technical Institute, towards the building of which the company has contributed £12,000. Lord Rosebery afterwards presided over a meeting in connection with the institute, and urged that the State, the employers, and the workmen should combine for the extension of technical education in every locality where it was needed.

Last Saturday the Elcho Shield and the National Challenge Trophy, which were won at Wimbledon this year by the English teams, were handed over to the Lord Mayor for safe custody in Guildhall till the next competition. In the evening his Lordship entertained a distinguished company at dinner in the Mansion House. The Duke of Cambridge, responding to the toast of the Army, testified to the great strides which had of late years been made in the efficiency of the Volunteer force.